

Rev. 03/06/96 (Blue)
Rev. 04/08/96 (Pink)
Rev. 04/17/96 (Yellow)
Rev. 04/24/96 (Green)
Rev. 05/03/96 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 05/06/96 (Buff)
Rev. 07/01/96 (Salmon)
Rev. 08/22/96 (Cherry)
Rev. 11/05/96 (Tan)

L.A. CONFIDENTIAL

by

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Based on the novel by James Ellroy

FILE
COPY-NEW

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L.A. CONFIDENTIAL

FADE IN:

1 Over the opening strains of "I Love You, California," a 1
montage: a mixture of headlines, newsreels footage and
live action. Economy Booming! Postwar Optimism! L.A.:
City of The Future! But most prominent among them:
GANGLAND! Police photographers document crime scenes.
The meat wagon hauls ex-button men to the morgue. Where
will it end?

2 EXT. L.A. SKYLINE - SUNSET 2

Palm trees in silhouette against a cherry sky. City
lights twinkle. Los Angeles. A place where anything is
possible. A place where dreams come true. As the sky
darkens, triple-klieg lights begin to sweep back and
forth.

3 EXT. MANSION (HANCOCK PARK) - NIGHT 3

The KLIEG LIGHTS are out front. Valets hurry to park a
line of elegant cars.

MAYOR'S VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you
the future of Los Angeles!

4 INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 4

The MAYOR yanks a cloth to reveal a MODEL of L.A. criss-
crossed by an elaborate FREEWAY SYSTEM. The CROWD ooohs.
A COUNCILMAN claps. A SOCIETY MATRON nods her approval.

PIERCE PATCHETT, 50, tuxedoed, watches off to one side.
A behind-the-scenes power broker, Patchett exudes
authority much more so than the mayor does.

MAYOR

The Arroyo Seco freeway is just
the beginning. We're planning
freeways from Downtown to Santa
Monica, from the South Bay to the
San Fernando Valley. Instead of
being packed like sardines on
buses and subways, the citizens of
Los Angeles will be in their own
cars enjoying trouble free travel
in every direction.

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More applause. One REPORTER asks a little too loudly...

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

REPORTER

How many bodies you think Mickey Cohen'll be able to hide in all that cement?

The Mayor wears a plastic smile, ignores it.

5

INT. THE MOCAMBO - NIGHT

5

A CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER pops snap-shots, but the real action is on the floor where MICKEY COHEN dances with THREE different GIRLS at once. A fireplug of a man, he hardly seems a public menace. Nearby is his bodyguard JOHNNY STOMPANATO. Over it all:

*

SID HUDGEONS' VOICE

Meyer Harris Cohen, Mickey C to his fans. He's the big moocher, local L.A. color to the nth degree. You know Mickey. He runs dope, rackets and prostitution. He kills a dozen people a year. But who you may not know is bodyguard Johnny Stompanato.

His hair in a slick pompadour, Stompanato keeps an eye on Cohen and comes onto a CIGARETTE GIRL at the same time.

SID HUDGEONS' VOICE

Johnny's handsome, ladies, but the real attraction is below the belt. Second only to Steve Cochran, he's sometimes known as 'Oscar' because of his Academy Award-sized appendage.

Mickey works a sweat on the dance floor. A bottle of champagne pops; Stompanato reacts, nearly draws a pistol from his shoulder holster. As he laughs at himself...

6

INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT

6

Lurid page one headlines cover the wall where SID HUDGEONS types. The essence of sleaze, Sid is the publisher-photographer-writer of Hush-Hush magazine and keeper of inside dirt supreme. As he continues...

HUDGEONS' VOICE

Remember, dear readers, you heard it here first, off the record, on the QT and very Hush-Hush.

7 INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 7

The party continues. The Mayor has moved off to the side with the power brokers. Patchett is a presence.

MAYOR

We're selling an image, gentlemen.
Beautiful weather. Affordable
housing.

(re: model)

Trouble free transportation. And
the best police department in the
world to keep it all running
smoothly.

8 EXT. STORE FRONT - NIGHT 8

A dozen people watch a display window TELEVISION as it
rolls the opening of the hit show "Badge of Honor." A
shot of City Hall, shots of Los Angeles, and over them,
the familiar theme music and "Sgt. Joe Reno's" voice
(actor BRETT CHASE):

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*
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*

CHASE'S VOICE

My name? Joe Reno. The city?
Los Angeles, California. A big
time town. Full of all sorts of
people.

*
*

Cuts to a shot of the squad room, a man at his desk, a
man with a face you can trust.

*
*

BRETT CHASE

It's my job to help them. I like
what I do. I'm a cop.

9 INT. HANCOCK PARK MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT 9

MAYOR

(continuing)

But with a second rate Al Capone
out there, L.A. looks like Chicago
in the 30's. Something has to be
done.

As Pierce Patchett nods sagely.

10 INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 10

Wrestler GORGEOUS GEORGE primps and poses before
flattening an opponent with a drop kick.

11 INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT 11

An enthusiastic crowd adjusts their 3-D glasses.

12 EXT. COHEN MANSION (BEVERLY HILLS) - DAY 12

In monogrammed silk pajamas, Mickey Cohen answers the door, his pet BULLDOG Mickey Jr. at his feet. The police are waiting. REPORTERS' flashbulbs pop.

POLICE OFFICER
Mr. Cohen, you're under arrest.

MICKEY COHEN
Bullshit. What's the charge?

POLICE OFFICER
Non-payment of federal income tax.

MICKEY COHEN
Bullshit.

13 EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE - DAY 13

JOHN WAYNE gets his hand prints in the sidewalk.

14 EXT. WESTCHESTER BEAN FIELD - DAY 14

MIGRANT WORKERS hurry to finish the harvest. We pan to CONSTRUCTION WORKERS who wait impatiently with bulldozers under a Spirit of The Future BANNER. As the last picker leaves the field, the bulldozers move in, leveling the bean rows to make way for a housing tract.

15 EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY 15

Flashbulbs pop as Mickey Cohen exits and starts down the steps. Accompanied by his LAWYERS, bodyguard Stompanato and mob lieutenants DEUCE PERKINS and NATE JANKLOW, Cohen ignores REPORTERS' shouts.

REPORTERS
How's your bullshit now, Mickey?!

As Cohen gets into a waiting car, the media turn their attention to District Attorney ELLIS LOEW. A singularly ambitious man, Loew loves the spotlight.

LOEW
Today is an auspicious one for the city of Los Angeles. Mickey Cohen has just been sentenced to ten years in Federal Prison for failure to pay income tax.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

LOEW (CONT'D)

As the District Attorney for Los Angeles County, it is my pleasure to declare our great city organized crime free. It is truly the dawning of a new day.

The song ends and so does the montage.

16

INT. PACKARD - 1486 EVERGREEN (SUBURBIA) - NIGHT

16

Behind the wheel, Wendell "BUD" WHITE, 32. An LAPD cop, Bud's rep as the toughest man on the force has been well-earned. Bud stares intently at a stucco house in a row of vet prefabs. A neon SANTA SLEIGH has landed on the roof. Through the front window, a BEEFY GUY browbeats his WIFE. Puff-faced, 35-ish, she backs away as he rages at her.

In the Packard's backseat, with cases of Walker Black and Cutty Sark, is Bud's partner -- DICK STENSLAND. Older, but also a tough hump, "Stens" sucks on a pint of Old Crow. Stens sighs as Bud flips through a handwritten pad of names, addresses and dates.

STENSLAND

You're like Santa Claus with that list, Bud. Except everyone on it's been naughty.

BUD

Here it is. Guy's been out on parole two weeks.

STENSLAND

Leave it for later. We got to pick up the rest of the booze and get it back to the station.

Bud picks up the radio.

BUD

Hollywood, this is 6A-7. Have Central send a prowler to 1486 Evergreen. Male caucasion Ralph Kinnard in custody. Aggravated assault, resisting arrest and assaulting a police officer. We won't be here, but they'll see him.

*
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17

EXT. 1486 EVERGREEN - NIGHT

17

Bud steps to the house.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

Inside we hear slaps, muffled cries. Bud grips an outlet cord coming off the roof and yanks. The sleigh crashes to the ground with reindeer exploding around it. A beat. The Beefy Guy runs out to investigate, spots Bud.

BEEFY GUY

Who the fuck are you?

BUD

The Ghost of Christmas Past.
How'd you like to dance with a
man for a change?

The Beefy Guy takes a swing, misses. Bud digs a fist into his gut. Grabbing Beefy's hair, Bud drives his face to the pavement. Once, twice. Teeth skitter down the walk.

BUD

Touch her again and I'll know
about it. Understand? Huh?

Another face full of cement. The Wife watches with apprehension from the steps as Bud cuffs her husband to a porch support.

BUD

You'll be out in a year. You
touch her again and I'm gonna
get you violated on a kiddie
raper beef. You know what they
do to kiddie rapers up in
Quentin? Huh?

*
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*

Bud empties Beefy's pockets. A cash roll and car keys. Bud looks over at her.

*

BUD

You got someplace you can go?

She nods. Bud hands her the keys and the cash.

BUD

Go get yourself fixed up.

WIFE

(nods; determined)

Merry Christmas, huh?

Bud watches as she gets into a pre-war Ford in the drive. She backs over a blinking reindeer as she goes.

STENSLAND

Let's go, Bud. The boys will be
waiting.

18

INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - NIGHT 18

The "Badge of Honor" set. A Christmas party in full swing. Eating, drinking and dancing. Star BRETT CHASE, seen earlier on television, is holding court.

Out on the dance floor, we meet the City of Angels' free-wheeling, big time "Big V," celebrity crime stopper LAPD Sgt. JACK VINCENNES, 38.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

Possessed of slick good looks and a snappy wardrobe, Jack dances with a young ACTRESS. Grinding their way through a ballad, they're obviously hitting it off.

*
*

ACTRESS

What exactly do you do on the show, Jack?

JACK

Technical advisor. I teach Brett Chase how to walk and talk like a cop.

The Actress looks over, watches Chase a beat. She looks back at Jack, smiles.

*
*

ACTRESS

Brett Chase doesn't walk and talk like you.

*
*

JACK

Television version. The American public isn't ready for me.

*
*

ACTRESS

Is it true you're the one who arrested Bob Mitchum?
(grinds closer)
These 'Badge of Honor' guys like to pretend, but being the real thing must be a thrill.

JACK

Let's go someplace quiet. I'll give you the low-down on Mitchum.

ACTRESS

You got your handcuffs with you?

JACK

Two sets.

ACTRESS

I'll get my coat.

They're interrupted by Sid Hudgeons.

HUDGEONS

Big V Jack Vincennes! May I have this dance?

JACK

Karen, this is Sid Hudgeons from Hush-Hush magazine.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

HUDGEONS

Helloooo, Karen.

*

*

ACTRESS

Hello, yourself.

*

The Actress storms off. Jack looks to Sid.

HUDGEONS

We did a piece last year.
"Ingenué Dykes In Hollywood." Her
name got mentioned.

JACK

Is it true?

*

HUDGEONS

Just the facts, man. Look, Jackie-Boy,
a friend of mine just sold some
reefer to Matt Reynolds. He's
tripping the light fantastic
with Tammy Jordan at 2245
Maravilla, just up from the El
Cortez.

*

JACK

You lost me, Sid. Who?

HUDGEONS

Contract players at Metro. You
pinch 'em. I do you up feature in
the next issue. Plus the usual
fifty cash. Tell me, am I fucking
Kris Kringle?

JACK

I need an extra fifty. Two
patrolmen at twenty apiece and a
dime for the watch commander at
Hollywood Station.

HUDGEONS

Jack! It's Christmas!

JACK

No. It's felony possession of
marijuana.

HUDGEONS

Actually, it's circulation thirty-
six thousand and climbing.

*

*

*

Jack starts out with Sid following.

*

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (3)

18

HUDGEONS

No telling where it's gonna go,
Jackie-boy. Radio, television.
You whet the public's appetite
for the truth and the sky's the
limit.

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19

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT

19

Sgt. ED EXLEY, 30, stands with an L.A. Herald Express
REPORTER and PHOTOGRAPHER. They listen with other COPS
as a police captain (DUDLEY SMITH) sings "Silver Bells."

Exley is an up-and-comer. A police department poster
boy. Burning with ambition.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

The faster he rises through the ranks, the more resentment he leaves in his wake.

REPORTER

Sergeant Ed Exley, the son of the legendary Preston Exley. Must be a hard act to follow?

The Photographer snaps a picture.

REPORTER

Why not make a mark somewhere else? Why become a cop, Ed?

Exley answers with a politician's smile.

EXLEY

I like to help people.

REPORTER

We heard two officers were assaulted this evening. What do you think about that?

EXLEY

It goes with the job. But I took the report. Luckily they're okay.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Not what we heard.

REPORTER

Aren't you a little young to be watch commander?

EXLEY

It's just for tonight. I'm single and the married men have Christmas Eve off.

REPORTER

That's a good lead for the story.

They turn to watch Dudley finish. Fifty, handsome in his police captain's uniform, Dudley sings in a beautiful low tenor. Tough, respected, he's a department power to be reckoned with. Dudley finishes to applause, joins Exley.

REPORTER

Captain Smith, I --

DUDLEY

Drop the formalities; it's Christmas Eve. Call me Dudley.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

REPORTER

Dudley, I came up with a title
for the story. I'm calling it
'Silent Night with the L.A.P.D.'

DUDLEY

Excellent. How's this?
(dramatic pause)
The sanctity of the night is an
invitation to the darker criminal
element. Our vigilance will not
be diminished.

As the Reporter scribbles down the quote...

DUDLEY

Remember, that's Smith with an S.

The Reporters laugh. Dudley looks to Exley. They need
to talk.

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*

20

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - STAIR LANDING - NIGHT

20

TWO COPS walk down a passageway. One carries a tray of
glasses, the other: a sloshing bowl of EGGNOG.

*
*

COP ONE

You hear about Brown and Helenowski?
They were off-duty. Got the shit
kicked out of them at some bar.

At the foot of the stairs, they encounter Dudley and
Exley. As the Cops continue around them:

*

DUDLEY

Hang on, lads.

Dudley grabs two glasses, dips them into the nog. As the
Cops go up the stairs, Dudley hands a glass to Exley.

*
*

DUDLEY

(a toast)

To the memory of your father.

*

They drink. Exley invokes his father's favorite toast.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (A1)

20

EXLEY

To the solving of crimes that
require absolute justice.

Exley raises his glass, but Dudley just watches him.

DUDLEY

That was his favorite toast.

(a beat)

I saw the test results on the
lieutenant's exam. You placed
first out of twenty-three.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

EXLEY

The youngest applicant by eight years.

DUDLEY

You'll make lieutenant inside a year. Patrol division? Internal affairs?

*
*

EXLEY

I was thinking Detective Bureau.

Dudley doesn't approve. He waits as a few more cops make their way down the stairs and into the muster room.

DUDLEY

You don't have the eye for human weakness to be a good detective. Or the stomach. You're a political animal, Edmund.

The criticism stings, but Dudley's a straight shooter.

EXLEY

You're wrong.

DUDLEY

Am I? Would you be willing to plant corroborative evidence on a suspect you knew was guilty in order to ensure an indictment?

EXLEY

Dudley, we're been over this.

DUDLEY

Yes or no, Edmund.

EXLEY

I... no.

DUDLEY

Would you be willing to beat confessions out of suspects you knew to be guilty?

EXLEY

No.

DUDLEY

Would you be willing to shoot hardened criminals in the back to offset the chance --

EXLEY

No.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED: (2)

20

DUDLEY

Then for God's sake, don't be a detective. Stick to assignments where you won't have to make those choices. Patrol, Internal Affairs, but not the Bureau.

EXLEY

I know you mean well, Dudley, but I don't need to do it the way you did. Or my father.

DUDLEY

We'll see. Well, I've got to get the press downtown to the Chief's office.

(a beat)

At least get rid of the glasses. I can't think of one Bureau man who wears them.

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*

As Dudley goes back inside, Exley adjusts his glasses.

21

EXT. NICK'S LIQUOR (HOLLYWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD) - NIGHT

21

The street crisscrossed with garish Christmas decorations. It almost looks festive as Bud White's Packard pulls up.

22

INT. NICK'S LIQUOR - NIGHT

22

Tinsel-trimmed photos of movie stars look down from the walls as the OWNER loads a case of liquor for Bud who waits across the counter. The Owner grumbles to himself, obviously supplying the stuff for free.

OWNER

I ever get held up, you guys better be here.

Bud looks across as LYNN BRACKEN enters. Her hair kerchiefed, there's glamour, a cat-girl grace about Lynn. Like she belongs up on the wall with the movie stars.

LYNN

Steve, I need a delivery. A case each of gin, Scotch, and rum. Everything top shelf. None of that watered down stuff you push on Errol Flynn.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

OWNER
(manages a smile)
Sounds like a helluva party, Lynn.
I'll be right with you.

As the Owner continues loading the box, Lynn looks across at Bud. Bud doesn't look so tough for a moment. He says the only thing he can think of. *

BUD
Merry Christmas.

LYNN
Merry Christmas yourself, Officer.

BUD
That obvious, huh?

LYNN
(smiles sweetly)
It's practically stamped on your forehead.

As the Owner bangs the case of liquor on the counter...

23

EXT. NICK'S LIQUOR - NIGHT

23

Bud exits with his booze, heads for the car and the waiting Stensland. Something catches his eye. A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL in the driveway up ahead blocking the sidewalk. A beautiful brunette is in the rear passenger seat. SUSAN LEFFERTS. Both her eyes are black. *

Bud sets the case down on his car, starts over. He motions for her to roll down the window. The driver's side door opens and bodyguard LELAND "BUZZ" MEEKS menaces his way out. *

MEEKS
Get lost why don't you?

Meeks stops short as Bud shoves his badge in Meeks' face. Bud spins Meeks around, forces him over the hood, pats him down. He finds a .38 in a shoulder holster. *

MEEKS
I got a license for that.

Bud removes Meeks' wallet, checks the ID.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

MEEKS

Cut me some slack. I used to be a
cop.

BUD

Leland Meeks? Never heard of you.

MEEKS

They call me Buzz.

BUD

I don't give a rat's ass what they
call you.

Bud raps on Susan's window with his badge. It comes down.

BUD

You okay?

Beside her, a man leans over. Pierce Patchett, seen
before at the freeway unveiling, is a man used to being
chauffeured. Like FDR, he smokes his cigarette in a
holder.

PATCHETT

She's fine.

BUD

(menacing)

I'm not asking you.

Patchett has no idea he's walking on thin ice. As he
stares impatiently at Bud, Bud looks back to Susan.

BUD

Somebody hit you?

LYNN

(from behind)

It's not what you think.

Bud looks to see Lynn Bracken approach from the liquor
store.

BUD

What is it then?

SUSAN

You got the wrong idea, Mister.
I'm fine.

Susan LAUGHS. Patchett eases back into the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (1A)

23

LYNN

(getting in car)

But it's nice to know you care.

Bud considers Meeks' gun license. He empties the .38 of shells, then hands it and the wallet back to Meeks.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

As Meeks gets back in the car, Stensland steps up. The Lincoln starts to pull away.

STENSLAND

What's going on?

For an odd moment, Stensland and Meeks lock eyes through the windshield.

BUD

You know him?

STENSLAND

Seen him around. He used to be a cop.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. 2245 MARAVILLA (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

24

Just off the Boulevard with a view of the El Cortez. A klieg-lighted, limousine premiere is going on: WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. Jack and two uniformed PATROLMEN wait on the side street. Hudgeons' assistant, CLIP, holds a portable arc light. Hudgeons creeps back over from the house.

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*

HUDGEONS

They're sitting in the dark,
goofing on the Christmas tree.

JACK

You be there with your camera.
I'll stop here so you get the
movie premiere in the background.

*
*

HUDGEONS

I like it! I like it!

JACK

And, Sid, when I bring them out
the door, I do not want that
goddamned baby spot in my eyes.

*
*
*
*

HUDGEONS

Hear that, Clip? Consider it done,
Jackie-boy.

*
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*

25

INT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

25

Jack peers through the glass in the front door. The scene is romantic, almost sweet.

*

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

Two gorgeous kids (MATT REYNOLDS & TAMMY JORDAN) necking in their BVDs by the glow of the Christmas tree. Suddenly, the arc light floods the living room, bleaching it white hot, and Jack kicks the door in. The room is caught flush: the terrified kids, a bag of weed on the couch between them.

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JACK

Police!

26

EXT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

26

Jack exits, hauling Jordan and Reynolds by the neck, the blinding light in their faces. Sid bangs off photos. Jack stops with the movie premiere framed behind him and Hudgeons clicks off a last shot.

*
*
*

HUDGEONS

Cut! Wrap it!

Windows light up. Rubbernecks appear. Jack hands the kids to the patrolmen. Hudgeons hands Clip the camera.

*

HUDGEONS

Clip! Get this in the soup!

*
*

Jack heads back in with Hudgeons in tow.

*

27

INT. 2245 MARAVILLA - NIGHT

27

Jack scoops the pot, flips through an address book. A card falls out. "Fleur-de-Lis. Whatever you desire..." Jack looks from the card out the window at the kids being loaded into a Black & White. They're both crying now.

HUDGEONS

(stentorian tone)

It's Christmas morning in the City of Angels, and while decent citizens sleep the sleep of the righteous, hopheads prowl for marijuana, not knowing that a man is coming to stop them. The free-wheeling big-time Big V, celebrity crimestopper Jack Vincennes, the scourge of grass-hoppers and junk fiends everywhere. You like it, Jackie-Boy?

JACK

Yeah, it's subtle.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

Sid hands him a President Grant 50.

HUDGEONS

Remember readers: you heard it
first here, off the record, on the
QT and very Hush-Hush.

27A

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

27A

Bud's Packard is parked by a door through which Bud and
Stensland hustle cases of liquor. Stensland hands a case
to a COP waiting in the doorway.

COP

What took you guys?

(CONTINUED)

27A

CONTINUED:

27A

STENSLAND

My partner's priorities are all
screwed up. He stopped to make
an arrest.

They laugh. Bud doesn't.

28

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT

28

Exley's at the desk shuffling paper.

The big double doors open and Jack arrives followed by
the two patrolmen with Matt Reynolds and Tammy Jordan in
tow. Jack, who regularly works out of the detective
bureau at City Hall, is practically a movie star to the
station house cops. They greet him with "Hey, Jack!,"
"Big V!," "To what do we owe this honor?!"

JACK

Just keeping the streets safe,
boys!

(to Patrolmen)

Book them.

As the Patrolmen hustle the kids off, Jack steps over to
Exley, drops a ten dollar bill on the desk.

EXLEY

What's that for, Vincennes?

JACK

You're watch commander tonight,
aren't you?

EXLEY

Yeah. So?

JACK

A gratuity from Hush-Hush magazine.
Get yourself a new pair of loafers.

Exley slides the ten to the edge of the desk.

EXLEY

Keep your payoff. I'm not interested.

Jack's about to respond when turmoil pushes in through
the big double doors. Six handcuffed MEXICAN SUSPECTS
hustled in by a DOZEN COPS. Everyone shouting and
shoving. Exley steps forward, intercepts a YOUNG OFFICER.

EXLEY

What the hell's this?

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

YOUNG OFFICER

Six spics, er, Mexicans, Sir.
The ones who assaulted Brown and
Helenowski.

*
*

JACK

I heard Helenowski lost six pints
of blood. And Brown's in a coma.

*
*

EXLEY

I took the report. They're home
with bruises and muscle pulls.
Let's get these men booked and
into the lock-up.

*
*

No one listens. As word of the arrival of the suspects
spreads...

*
*

28A INT. SQUAD ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

28A *

All alone, Bud types his report with one finger. Dogged,
he gets the job done.

*
*

29 INT. UPSTAIRS MUSTER ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

29 *

An impromptu bar has been set-up. The party is in full
swing, the floor packed with NIGHTWATCH BLUES. A phono-
graph spews dirty Christmas carols. The liquor is
flowing. Stensland, half in the bag, pours Old Crow into
the water cooler. The cops around him talk.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

INTOXICATED COP

Hear what those taco benders did to
Helenowski and Brown? Helenowski
lost an eye and they're reading
Brown his last rites.

*
*

STENSLAND

We ought to teach Paco and his
friends a lesson.

More cops voice their agreement. Bottles are passed.

*

30 INT. DISPATCH DESK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

30

The Mexicans are escorted through the door toward the
lock-up. A group of cops move to follow. Exley gets
in front of them.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

EXLEY

Alright, men. Back to work.
Break this up.

But Exley's having trouble holding them back. There's fear in his eyes; the situation's threatening to get out of control.

Coming down the stairs from the muster room, Stensland eyes Exley with disdain. To the cops who follow him:

STENSLAND

Fucking Exley. Guy couldn't stop milk from going bad.

Stensland leads the cops along the wall past Exley. An end around.

30A

INT. FRONT DOORS (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

30A

The Reporter and Photographer are returning.

REPORTER

I know it's Christmas Eve. I just want to ask the guy a few more questions.

*
*
*

They stop short to watch as the Cops push past Exley.

31

INT. CELL BLOCK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

31

Stensland in the lead. Pulling out a BLACKJACK, he charges the cell where the Mexicans are being locked up.

STENSLAND

For ours, Pancho. And you're getting off easy.

He begins wailing on one of them -- DINARDO. Cheered on by DRUNKS in the tank and his fellow officers, Stensland goes wild. He's joined by LENTZ, CRUMLEY and TRISTANO. Shaking his head, Jack Vincennes moves away.

32

INT. SQUAD ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

32

As Bud signs his REPORT, Jack looks in.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

JACK

White, you better get a leash on
your partner before he kills
someone.

33

INT. CELL BLOCK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

33

Followed by Jack, Bud forces his way through the crowd.
The men who see it's him quickly clear a path.

Swigging from a pint of gin, Stensland works skinny
GARCIA. Head saps. The kid drops to his knees drooling
blood.

Bud hauls Stensland off. Drunk, Stensland stumbles. Nose
to nose, Bud tries to get through to him.

*
*

BUD

Dick...

*
*

Bud's focused on Stensland as Garcia looks up at Bud.

*

GARCIA

Fuck you, pendeio.

BUD

Yeah, yeah...

GARCIA

And fuck your mother, too.

Bud sees red, hauls Garcia up by the neck. There are
CHEERS, "Attaboys" and "Holy Fucks" as Bud slams him
high into the bars.

EXLEY

(arriving)

Stop, Officer! That's an order!

Cops block Exley's way. Bud looks over; this is turning
into a disaster. Garcia takes an off balance shot, which
Bud responds to by shoving him aside.

Garcia stumbles out of the cell, smack into Jack. Jack
looks down aghast at blood on his cashmere blazer, then
puts Garcia down with a left-right.

The flood gates are open. The drunks in the tank cheer as
other cops start hitting and the Mexicans fight back.
Police riot in the cellblock.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

Exley pulls a pad of paper and pen from his pocket. As he starts taking names, Lentz and Crumley shove him off balance into...

34

INT. THE HALL

34

And into a STORE ROOM. Crumley slams the door tight. Exley is locked in. We hear him pounding.

EXLEY'S VOICE

Let me out! That's an order!

34A

INT. STORE ROOM (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

34A

Exley moves to the small wire-mesh window that looks into the cell block and the on-going melee. He pounds on the glass and yells.

35

INT. CELL BLOCK (HOLLYWOOD STATION) - NIGHT

35

One of the cops near the window hears the pounding and turns to see Exley's face through the glass. Exley's voice is drowned out, but his lips read: Let me out! The cop considers, then leans his back against the window, cutting off Exley's view.

The Herald Reporter and Photographer enter unchaperoned and unnoticed. Stensland swings like a madman. That's when a FLASHBULB goes off. Freezing everyone in black & white.

DISSOLVE TO:

36

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CITY HALL - DAY

36

*

37

INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

37

THE CHIEF sits behind a desk in a four-star uniform. Dudley Smith sits to his left, D.A. Ellis Loew to his right. Seen earlier at the Mickey Cohen press conference, Loew is the only civilian. Bud White stands across from them. There to be judged. The Chief holds up a newspaper with Stensland's photo. The headline: BLOODY CHRISTMAS.

THE CHIEF

Bloody Christmas. The press love to label.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

THE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Officer White, you should know this
is bigger than a police board.
The grand jury is convening.
Indictments may be handed down.
Will you testify?

BUD

No, Sir. I won't.

The Chief sighs looks to Loew.

THE CHIEF

District Attorney Loew.

LOEW

You and Officer Stensland brought
the liquor into the station.
Stensland was already drunk. Do
you see how appearing as a
voluntary witness against him
could offset the damage you've
done to yourself?

BUD

I won't testify against my
partner, or anyone else.

LOEW

This man is a disgrace.

THE CHIEF

Your badge and gun, Officer.

Bud sets them on The Chief's desk.

THE CHIEF

This is the new LAPD, White.
The public won't tolerate men
like yourself. You're relieved
of duty pending termination.
Dismissed.

*
*

Stone-faced, Bud White turns and marches out. Dudley
Smith watches after him with approval.

38 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - DAY 38

Exley approaches Bud coming the other way. Bud stops to glare, but Exley passes like he doesn't even see him.

39 INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE (CITY HALL DET. BUREAU) - DAY 39

Dudley, Loew and The Chief wait as Exley enters.

THE CHIEF

Ed, we need police witnesses to offset the damage done to the department. I'm asking if --

EXLEY

The public demands justice, Sir. Of course I'll testify.

The Chief and Loew exchange a look of relief.

THE CHIEF

I'm glad you feel that way, Edmund. Most of the men don't.

EXLEY

White? The others? They think silence and integrity are the same thing. May I make a suggestion, sir?

THE CHIEF

By all means.

EXLEY

Shift the guilt to men whose pensions are secured. Force them to retire. But someone has to swing. Indict, try and convict Stensland and Bud White. Secure them jail time. Feed them to the sharks, sir. Protect yourself; protect the Department.

The Chief and Loew exchange a second look. Not bad... Dudley glares at Exley.

DUDLEY

Stensland's a disgrace. Straight D fitness reports from every C.O. he ever served under. But Bud White is a valuable officer.

EXLEY

White's a mindless thug.

(CONTINUED)

DUDLEY

No, Edmund. He's a man who can answer yes to those questions I ask you from time to time.

The Chief interrupts with his own concern.

THE CHIEF

The department and the public need role models. Clean cut, forthright men the public can admire.

(a beat; to
Exley)

Sergeant, I'll promote you. To lieutenant. Immediately.

Exley seizes the moment, going over Dudley's head.

EXLEY

Detective lieutenant.

The Chief and Dudley exchange a look. Neither approve.

THE CHIEF

Ed, you're 30. Your father didn't make lieutenant until he was 33.

EXLEY

I know that, sir. I also know that when he made lieutenant, it was as a detective.

LOEW

(interrupting)

Before we start polishing our laurels, it would look better if we had a corroborative witness.

DUDLEY

That'll be hard to come by. The men hate a turncoat.

EXLEY

Jack Vincennes. He hit one of the suspects. And he saw the whole thing.

DUDLEY

A veteran like Vincennes might admit his own culpability, but he would never inform.

The Chief is on the verge of agreeing when Exley jumps in.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED: (2)

39

EXLEY

Jack's the technical advisor on
'Badge of Honor.' He lives for
it. That's the way to get him.

THE CHIEF

(into desk intercom)

Call Sergeant Vincennes.

(to Exley)

I'd like you to observe, Ed.

The Chief gestures toward a gray mirror on the wall. A
two-way. Exley nods. As he starts out, Dudley pulls him
aside, speaks low.

DUDLEY

You'll reap the benefits, but are
you truly prepared to be despised
within the department?

EXLEY

Yes, Dudley. I am.

DUDLEY

So be it.

40

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - NARCO PEN - DAY

40

*

Looking sharp, Jack waits at his desk. A corkboard on
the wall is posted with PRESS CLIPPINGS. "Dope Crusader
Wounded in Shootout." "Actor Mitchum Seized in Marijuana
Shack Raid." That one includes a shot of Jack ushering
Mitchum into jail. As his phone rings...

*
*
*
*
*

41

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE (CITY HALL DET. BUREAU) - DAY

41

Round three. Centered on Jack. Exley is gone.

DUDLEY

Sergeant, we'll get right to it.
Nine civilian witnesses have
identified you as hitting Ezekiel
Garcia.

LOEW

But my office has a stellar
witness who will tell the grand
jury that you hit back only after
being hit.

JACK

And?

(CONTINUED)

LOEW

You'll testify against three officers who have already earned their pensions. Our key witness will testify roundly, but you can plead ignorance to questions directed at the other men.

JACK

No thanks. I'm not a snitch.

THE CHIEF

I'll guarantee you a slap on the wrist. A brief suspension followed by a temporary transfer from Narcotics to Ad Vice.

(a beat)

When you transfer out of Vice, you'll be back on the show.

JACK

(swallows)

The show, sir?

THE CHIEF

Badge of Honor, Vincennes. We need to tone down your profile for a bit.

The Chief just got Jack where he lives.

DUDLEY

John, I doubt you've ever drawn a stupid breath. Don't start now.

JACK

Okay. I'll do it.

Smiles all around. Loew smiles at the two-way. A move not lost on Jack who wonders who might be on the other side.

THE CHIEF

Dismissed, Vincennes.

Jack leaves. The Chief steps to the mirror, looks through.

THE CHIEF

So be it. Detective lieutenant.

42

OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

42

Exley clenches his fist in victory. The Chief continues.

THE CHIEF

Ace them at the grand jury tomorrow,
son. Wear a smart-looking suit and
ace them. And Ed? Lose the glasses.

43

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE GRAND JURY ROOM - DAY 43 *

Glasses off, Exley waits, sitting on a long bench. He
looks up as Jack approaches. People pass beyond them.

JACK

You're the key witness?

EXLEY

That's right.

Jack smiles, amused.

*

JACK

I should've known. What's the
Chief throwing you?

EXLEY

Throwing me?

JACK

Yeah, Exley. What's the payoff?

EXLEY

You're the payoff expert. I'm
just doing my duty.

JACK

You're playing an angle, college
boy. You're getting something out
of this so you won't have to
hobnob with the fucking rank and
file cops who'll hate your guts
for snitching. What is it, downtown
with the big boys, huh? If they're
making you a detective, watch out.
Some Bureau guys are gonna burn in
this and you're gonna have to work
with friends of theirs.

EXLEY

What about you?

JACK

I'm snitching three old timers
who'll be fishing in Oregon next
week. Next to you I'm clean. And
smart.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

At that, a GUARD steps in from a nearby room.

GUARD

Edmund J. Exley to chambers.

As Exley's about to go...

JACK

Just remember, Bud White'll fuck
you for this if it takes the rest
of his life.

44

INT. THE TWILIGHT LOUNGE - NIGHT

44

An OLD BLACK GUY in a frayed, threadbare tux plays piano.
Bud, nursing a highball at the bar, steps over to a
REDHEAD with too much makeup on too many miles.

BUD

That an old fashioned you're
drinking?

(she nods)

My name's Bud.

REDHEAD

Nobody was born with the name Bud.

Bud considers a beat before revealing the truth.

*

BUD

Wendell.

*

REDHEAD

What do you do, Bud?

*

BUD

I'm sorta between jobs. Look,
what do you say we, uh...

A hand on Bud's shoulder. He turns to see Dudley Smith.

DUDLEY

Lad, may I have a word with you?

BUD

This business, Captain?

DUDLEY

Say goodnight to your friend and
join me by those back tables.

Dudley starts off. Bud turns back to the Redhead, but
she's already talking to a sailor.

45

INT. BOOTH (THE TWILIGHT LOUNGE) - NIGHT

45

Dudley sits at a table. A NEWSPAPER is opened, a little mound underneath. Bud joins Dudley.

BUD

Does that paper say we've been indicted?

*

Dudley shakes his head.

*

BUD

Does it say Exley's a hero for squealing me and Stensland off?

*

DUDLEY

He made his play and he got what he wanted. They're making him a detective lieutenant.

BUD

Captain, what do you want?

DUDLEY

Call me Dudley.

BUD

Dudley, what do you want?

DUDLEY

Lad, I admire your refusal to testify and your loyalty to your partner. I admire you as a policeman, particularly your adherence to violence as a necessary adjunct to the job. And I am most impressed with your punishment of woman beaters. Do you hate them, Wendell?

*

BUD

Yeah, I hate them.

DUDLEY

And for good reason judging from what I know of your own dear mother.

BUD

What do you want?

DUDLEY

Wendell, I want you to come to work for me.

BUD

Doing what? Mowing your fucking lawn?

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Smith yanks the newspaper revealing Bud's BADGE & .38 SPECIAL. Bud can't believe his eyes.

DUDLEY

They're yours. Take them.

BUD

I knew you had juice, but, there's no goddamn bill on me? *

DUDLEY

Four of the defendants recanted their testimony.

Bud just stares at Dudley who shrugs, smiles like the cat who ate the canary. Bud takes his gun and badge. *

BUD

What about Stensland?

DUDLEY

Your partner's through. Department scapegoat on the Chief's orders. He's been billed, he'll be indicted and he'll swing.

BUD

Fucking Exley. *

DUDLEY

Don't underestimate Exley or his skills. As a politician he exceeds even myself. The department needs smart men like Exley and direct men like yourself. I need you for an assignment the Chief's given me the go-ahead on. A duty few men are fit for, but you were born for. You'll be working out of Homicide at City Hall. *

BUD

(excited)

Homicide? Working cases?

DUDLEY

Your talents lie elsewhere, Wendell. It's a muscle job. You'll do what I say and not ask questions. Do you follow my drift?

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED: (2)

45

BUD
(disappointed)
In Technicolor.

A beat. Dudley's satisfied. Then...

DUDLEY
Do you know the Victory Motel,
lad?

DISSOLVE TO:

45A

EXT. 1648 N. OGDEN ST. (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

45A

Laughing, two MEN in flashy suits exit a house and cross the lawn to an OLDS 98 parked at the curb. They climb into the front seat. The driver rolls down his window and flicks the stub of his cigar into the palm-lined street. He turns the key and the RADIO comes on (pop song "Stranger in Paradise"). SHOTS RING OUT, a cross-fire coming from two directions. The driver is hit through the open window, and the passenger takes head hits through the windshield.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- Only this one a still. Pull back to reveal the photo is on the front page of the Los Angeles Herald. The headline reads: MICKEY COHEN ASSOCIATES SLAIN IN HOLLYWOOD.

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE - As "Stranger In Paradise" continues.

45B

EXT. FREEWAY GROUND BREAKING - DAY

45B

Pierce Patchett is among the distinguished guests. The Mayor is poised with a gold shovel.

THE MAYOR
No stop signs. No traffic lights.
From downtown to the beach in
twenty minutes.

As the Mayor scrapes at the ground...

46

EXT. THE VICTORY MOTEL - DAWN

46

Set in the no man's land of the Baldwin Hills oil field. A broken neon sign features an oversized V, but nobody's triumphed here in years. Abandoned, but for a pair of LAPD cars, a light burning in room 5 and the sound of someone screaming.

47

INT. THE VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - DAWN

47

Spartan. A table and chair BOLTED to the floor. A tough
FLATNOSED GANGSTER is cuffed to the hot seat.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

On the table are a .45 and a fat roll of \$100 bills. The studs are bare on one wall giving us a view of the adjacent room 6.

*
*
*

Strong-armed cops, BREUNING and CARLISLE, watch as Bud White delivers a series of short, stiff body shots. Flatnose is not used to being on the receiving end.

Dudley steps up behind Flatnose, makes himself heard.

DUDLEY

With Mickey Cohen in prison, Los Angeles is organized crime free. The Chief intends it to stay that way. You're an organized crime associate in need of reeducation in the ways of polite society.

Flatnose babbles. Snitch-frenzied.

FLATNOSE

I know things. I hear things. Like these two man shooter teams, bang-bang, they're 86-ing Mickey Cohen's lieutenants. Or, or -- You want a prostie roust? Huh? Some narco action?
(breaking down)
What do you want?!

DUDLEY

We want you to go home.

Dudley looks to Bud who applies more persuasion. Flatnose screams and we sense Bud's heart really isn't in this.

48

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE - NIGHT

48

FRANK SINATRA at the premiere of "From Here To Eternity."

49

INT. KLUB ZAMBOANGA - NIGHT

49

CHARLIE "BIRD" PARKER makes magic before an appreciative, mostly black crowd.

50

OMITTED

50

&

&

51

51

52

PRINTING PRESS

52

The latest issue of Hush-Hush flies through. On the cover: Gail Russell Caught in Love Nest. Nympho or No?

53

INT. LADERA HEIGHTS HOUSE - NIGHT

53

Deuce Perkins (the Mickey Cohen narcotics lieutenant seen earlier) sits opposite another man in the spacious living room of a modern house. On the coffee table between them is 25 pounds of heroin. Perkins licks his pinkie and dips it into the white powder. Sensing something, he looks up.

His POV through plate window: on the other side of the lighted swimming pool, two dark figures are silhouetted against the lights of the city. There are two FLASHES of LIGHT, and holes appear in the plate window.

The man opposite Deuce Perkins is shot in the head. Deuce starts to stand. Two more shots shatter the window and knock Deuce over the couch.

The heroin just sits there on the table.

54

EXT. MCNEIL PENITENTIARY - DAY

54

Grim-faced GUARDS scan the yard from machine-gunned towers.

55

INT. MCNEIL PENITENTIARY - VISITORS BOOTH - DAY

55

Mickey Cohen sits across from visitor Johnny Stompanato. Cohen is going off the handle.

COHEN

Still no leads on who clipped
Deuce Perkins?!

*

Stompanato shrugs, embarrassed.

*

COHEN

Who's moving in on my rackets,
Johnny?

*

*

STOMPANATO

Nobody'd have the balls to move
in on you, Mick.

*

*

COHEN

All I know is, Deuce didn't shoot
himself. And what's the word on
my merchandise?

*

*

*

STOMPANATO

Nothing. Not a peep.

*

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

COHEN

Keep your ears open. You don't
sell twenty-five pounds of heroin
at Woolworth's. When they try to
move it, there'll be plenty of peeps.

Stompanato nods. As "Stranger in Paradise" ends, so does
the montage.

55A

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CITY HALL - DAY

55A

The tallest building in the skyline, the seat of power.

56

INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

56

Addressing the squad, a no-nonsense VICE CAPTAIN picks up
a stack of magazines.

VICE CAPTAIN

Picture-book smut, gentlemen.
There's been a bunch of it found
at collateral crime scenes lately.
Quality ranges from piss poor to
very well done.

As the Vice Captain hands it out for the men to examine,
new member Jack Vincennes arrives late.

VICE CAPTAIN

Look who's back from suspension.
We're honored, Sergeant Jack.

The men laugh. Jack sits. Passing up the mags, he opens a
leather "artist's" PORTFOLIO. Porno art shots. Men and
women. Men and men. Girls and girls. Girls and horses.

JACK

Gee. The Great Jerk-Off Caper
of 1953.

VICE CAPTAIN

Vincennes, is there someplace
you'd rather be?

JACK

Yeah, Cap. Back in Narcotics.
Looking for Mickey Cohen's missing H.

VICE CAPTAIN

Yeah, finding twenty-five pounds
of heroin would get you plenty of
ink. Anyplace else?

JACK

Working whores with squad two.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

VICE CAPTAIN

Maybe you should have thought of
that before Bloody Christmas. Make
a major case, Sergeant. It's the
only way you're getting out of here.

Exaggerated "oohs" and ahhs" from the men.

VICE CAPTAIN

Dismissed, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (2)

As they go, Jack sees the portfolio is embossed on the back with an elegant rendition of a Fleur-de-lis. Jack takes the matching business card from his wallet, the one he found on Christmas Eve: Fleur-de-Lis. Whatever you desire.

VICE CAPTAIN

Roll, Vincennes. No sidetracks.
This is Ad Vice, not Narco.

57

57

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - AD VICE PEN - DAY

Jack's new desk, no place to hang his clippings which sit in a box alongside the portfolio. Jack sits holding the Fleur-de-Lis card. He dials the number. As it rings, he leans a framed "Badge of Honor" photo up against his in/out box: Jack and Brett Chase, before a banner that reads, To Protect and Serve.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over phone; like
silk)

Whatever you desire.

JACK

Hi... I'd like to get a delivery
to Beverly Hills.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I don't think I know you.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Jack redials.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Whatever you desire.

JACK

Look, a friend of mine gave me
this number. I just --

The line goes dead again. Jack dials a new number.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Pacific Coast Bell. Police line.

JACK

This is Sgt. John Vincennes.
Requesting a name and address from
the reverse directory. Crestview
2-2-3-9.

*
*

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Please hold... No such number is
assigned.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

JACK

I just called it.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

No, Sergeant. I checked twice.

JACK

(realizes; hangs up)

A bootleg... Shit.

Jack dials another number.

57A

INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

57A

Newspaper "page ones" stare down from the walls. Sid Hudgeons sits behind his desk, answers the phone.

HUDGEONS

Hush-Hush. Off the record and on the QT.

JACK'S VOICE

Sid, it's Vincennes.

HUDGEONS

Jackie, are you back on Narco? I need copy.

INTERCUT WITH JACK AT HIS DESK:

JACK

No. But I've got something going with Ad Vice.

HUDGEONS

Something good for the Sidster?

JACK

Maybe. I'm chasing some porn. Kinky fuck shots, but the posers don't look like junkies. It's well done. Arty. I thought you might have heard something.

Hudgeons pulls out a portfolio like the one Jack has.

HUDGEONS

Not a word. Smut's from hunger, Big V. For sad sacks who can't get their ashes hauled.

JACK

What about Fleur-de-Lis? Slogan's 'Whatever you desire.'

(CONTINUED)

57A

57A CONTINUED:

HUDGEONS

No, I've heard bupkis. Get me
some Narco skinny. I want to put
out an all hop-head issue. Shvartze
jazz musicians and movie stars. Maybe
tie it to the Rosenbergs. You like?

JACK

I'll talk to you later, Sid.

Jack hangs up. A dead end. Jack tosses the portfolio
into a drawer. As it slides shut, the last thing we see
is the embossed Fleur-de-Lis.

58
thru
61

OMITTED

58
thru
61

61A INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - DUSK

61A

Bud cools his heels, waiting outside a door beneath the
sign: Internal Affairs.

A61B INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - DUSK

A61B

Dick Stensland turns in his badge and gun to an INTERNAL
AFFAIRS DETECTIVE.

B61B OMITTED

B61B *

61B EXT. CITY HALL - PARKING GARAGE - TWILIGHT

61B *

Exley drives, turns into the PARKING GARAGE. His two-way
drones:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Park Rangers report three Negro
youths discharging shotguns into
the air in Griffith Park.
Suspects are driving a late model
maroon Mercury coupe.

61C OMITTED

61C *

61D INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - HALLWAY - DUSK

61D *

Stensland joins Bud. Well-wishing COPS pat Stensland on
the back, offer words of encouragement.

(CONTINUED)

61D

CONTINUED:

61D

Exley appears from the other end of the hall carrying a box of stuff. It should be his big moment. But the same cops wishing Stensland well, stare daggers at Exley.

*
*
*

Acting on impulse, Stensland goes for Exley. Bud grabs Stensland, holds him back.

*

BUD

It's not worth it, Stens.

Stensland relents, his struggles easing. Bud looks at Exley contemptuously.

BUD

Sorry about that, lieutenant.

*

The last door is Homicide. Exley continues, enters...

*

A61E

OMITTED

A61E *

B61E

INT. THE SQUAD ROOM

B61E

No greetings, just dirty looks. One cop whispers something to another. The second cop looks at Exley, laughs. And as Exley searches for his desk...

61E

INT. CITY HALL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

61E

Stensland and Bud reach Stensland's car.

STENSLAND

Fucking punk Exley.

BUD

He'll get his. Count on it.

A beat. Stensland finally shrugs, opens the driver door.

STENSLAND

Stay out of trouble, Bud.

BUD

I got a couple of hours before I have to be at the Victory. Want to grab a beer?

STENSLAND

Rain check me, partner. I got a hot date tonight.

(CONTINUED)

61E

CONTINUED:

61E

BUD

Is that why you've been so scarce lately? What's her name?

STENSLAND

(smiles)

It's confidential. Like that magazine Vincennes scams for. Hush-Hush. Tomorrow night we'll do the town.

(winks)

On me.

Stensland gets in the car, drives off. Bud is left alone.

61F

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

61F

Exley sits by himself in a sea of desks, his box of stuff unpacked. The SQUAWK BOX drones. He watches, listens as:

DETECTIVE #1'S VOICE

See you tomorrow, Earl.

DETECTIVE #2'S VOICE

Wait, I'll walk out with you.

Detective #2 pulls the last page of a report from a typewriter, joins Detective #1 who's leaving. Exley's ready to say good night, but they make a point never to look at him. They exit. Exley's alone.

Exley squints at the CLOCK on the wall, can't make it out. He takes his glasses from the inside of his jacket. 2:00 AM. He checks his watch. Finally, something to do. He walks to the wall clock, adjusts it two minutes.

As Exley sits, the SQUAWK BOX booms to life.

VOICE

Anybody up there in homicide?

Exley activates the lever on the squawk box.

EXLEY

Lieutenant Exley.

VOICE

You've got a homicide in Hollywood Division. Might be a multiple. One-eight-one-two-four Cherokee. The Nite Owl Coffee Shop.

(CONTINUED)

61F

CONTINUED:

61F

EXLEY

I got it. It's mine.

Exley stands so fast he bangs his knee getting up.

62

EXT. THE NITE OWL (HOLLYWOOD & CHEROKEE) - NIGHT

62

Patrol cars. Blues setting up a crime scene blockade.
Exley pulls up, douses his siren. PATROLMAN ONE runs
over.

PATROLMAN ONE

At least one person dead. I
stopped for coffee --

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

EXLEY

No one comes through the front door.
Got it?

Exley pushes him aside, heads for the door.

63

INT. THE NITE OWL - NIGHT

63

Eerily quiet. Exley takes mental snapshots. Ten stools front a counter. The side wall mural-papered: winking owls perched on street signs. Behind the counter, a COOK sprawled dead, a .38 still clutched in his hand. The cash register is open and empty. On the left, a string of tables. Three in disarray. Food spilled, dishes broken. A splatter of blood on the wall. A high heel pump by an upended chair.

*
*
*

A pair of heel drag marks and a thin trail of blood across the linoleum floor heading toward the rear. Exley follows. Outside -- sirens. The trail leads out the rear door into...

*

64

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

64

Exley follows the trail of blood across the corridor that bisects the whole building to a men's room door. He pushes it open.

65

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

65

Blood-soaked bodies on the cement floor. Four, maybe five in a tangle. Dozens of shotgun shells float in the pools of blood. As Exley struggles to maintain his composure, we hear the echoing sound of running footsteps coming down the corridor from the side street entrance.

*

ROOKIE'S VOICE

Sir, there's a Captain outside
wants to see you.

The Rookie looks into the men's room.

ROOKIE

Holy shit fuck...

EXLEY

Don't get sick! Not in here!

Exley shoves the Rookie, puking, down the hall.

66

EXT. THE NITE OWL - NIGHT

66

Patrolmen hold back a swarm of reporters and rubbernecks. Horns blast. Motorcycles run interference for meat wagons cut off by the crowd. As Ed emerges, Reporters surge, shout questions. Exley hurries past, finds Dudley in command and barking orders.

EXLEY

Sir, I took the call. It's my case.

DUDLEY

Edmund, you don't want it and you can't have it.

EXLEY

Yes, I do, Sir.

DUDLEY

It's mine. I'll make you my second in command.

Exley spots a PHOTOGRAPHER moving in. He looks properly serious as the flash bulb pops.

67

INT. THE NITE OWL - NIGHT

67

Forensics Chief RAY PINKER walks Exley and Dudley through.

PINKER

We got a total of forty-five spent 12-gauge Remington shotgun shells. Three men with five-shot-capacity pumps. All of them reloading twice.

EXLEY

Hold on... We need to canvass. See if a maroon Mercury was seen around here tonight.

*

DUDLEY

Why?

EXLEY

We got a call earlier on three Negro youths. Firing shotguns in Griffith Park from a late model maroon Mercury coupe.

*

DUDLEY

(to his ADJUTANT)

Get on it.

A FORENSICS COP approaches Pinker.

FORENSICS COP

We got an ID on one of the victims, sir... I think it's Dick Stensland.

Exley and Dudley react, look at each other.

68

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAWN

68

The Packard pulls up. Bud exits, runs for the entrance.

69

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAWN

69

Six sheet covered bodies against the wall. Nite Owl victims. The CORONER lifts a corner of the sheet, gives an ORDERLY a peek of a WOMAN who we don't quite see.

CORONER

Call me crazy, but for a second I thought it was Rita Hayworth.

The Coroner follows as the Orderly wheels the corpse into an IDENTIFICATION ROOM.

70

INT. CLERICAL AREA (CORONER'S OFFICE) - DAWN

70

Exley stands with a few other COPS and CORONER ASSISTANTS sipping coffee. Exley turns as Bud strides past and disappears down the hall.

71

INT. HALLWAY (CORONER'S OFFICE) - DAWN

71

Bud goes to the gurneys. Rips back three sheets before he finds him. Dick Stensland. A tag on his toe and half his face blown off. Stunned, Bud just stares.

Exley watches from down the hall.

EXLEY

Hell of a way to avoid a prison sentence.

Bud looks back at Exley, trying to keep control. He squeezes out the words.

BUD

What happened?

EXLEY

Appears three men held up a coffee shop. Guy at the register pulled a .38. They killed him, and decided to kill everyone else.

*
*
*

Then, from the identification room...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Not my baby! Not my little girl!

72

INT. IDENTIFICATION ROOM (CORONER'S OFFICE) - DAWN

72

HILDA LEFFERTS, 50, has joined the Coroner to ID the body of her daughter, Susan. There's stray buckshot in the upper chest and shoulders, but a sheet hides the real damage. It's the girl Bud saw outside Hollywood Liquor, except, instead of brunette, she's now a redhead. Without the black eyes, she does look like Rita Hayworth.

As Bud and Exley appear, Mrs. Lefferts looks confused.

CORONER

Is this your daughter, Mrs. Lefferts?

MRS. LEFFERTS

I -- I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

EXLEY

We know this is difficult. Just
take your time and look again.

Exley doesn't realize, but Bud recognizes the deceased.

MRS. LEFFERTS

It seems like my Susan, but my
Susan's a brunette.

EXLEY

When was the last time you saw
her, Mrs. Lefferts?

MRS. LEFFERTS

Just before Christmas. We had fought.
I didn't like her boyfriend. I --
She has a birthmark on her hip.

*

The Coroner lifts the sheet. Mrs. Lefferts gasps.

MRS. LEFFERTS

It's her. My baby. Dear God...

As Mrs. Lefferts swoons, Bud and Exley both hold her up.

73

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

73

The room buzzes, jammed to the rafters with detectives
from every department standing ready. The Chief waits as
Dudley Smith takes the mike, holds up an L.A. Times
headline.

*

*

DUDLEY

"Nite Owl Massacre." Hyperbole
aside, this is a heinous crime
that requires a swift resolution.
The public will demand it and this
department will provide it. Six
victims. One of them, one of our
own -- Dick Stensland.

(the cops react)

As it happens, he was a Nite Owl
regular. In the wrong place at
the wrong time.

Bud listens. Not so sure. Stensland said he had a date.

DUDLEY

Robbery looks like the motive.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

We have rubber glove prints on the register and preliminary forensics strongly lean toward a trio of gunmen. We do have one hot lead, so listen well. Three Negro youths were seen last night discharging shotguns in the air at Griffith Park. A park ranger IDed them as driving a 1948 to 1950 Mercury coupe, maroon in color. An hour ago a canvassing crew found a news vendor who saw a maroon Merc coupe parked across from the Nite Owl around 1:00 AM.

*

The room goes loud, a big rumbling. Dudley holds up a list.

DUDLEY

The DMV worked all night to get us a registration list on '48 to '50 maroon Mercs. There are 142 registered to Negroes in L.A. County. Fifty two-man teams will shake three names apiece. Hot suspects you'll bring here. Interrogation rooms have been set up. They'll be run by Lieutenant Edmund Exley.

Catcalls. Boos. Exley, cleaned up, looks like he's slept more than he has. The Chief steps to the mike.

THE CHIEF

Enough on that. Gentlemen, just go out and get them. Use all necessary force. The people of Los Angeles demand it.

The men exchange knowing looks. The real message: kill them clean. Exley doesn't approve. As the men hurry out...

EXLEY

He might as well have put a bounty on them.

74

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

74

Detectives pairing up and moving out. Scanning his three name list, Bud is joined by his PARTNER for the day.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

PARTNER

Ready to roll, White?

BUD

You take them. I got something
I gotta do.

PARTNER

Christ, I don't know. What if one
of these names...

Off a look from Bud, the Partner nods he'll do it.
Bud heads off.

*
*

75

EXLEY

75

Watches everyone go. Wishes he could be part of the
action. He spots Jack talking to his REDNECK partner for
the day.

76

JACK & REDNECK

76

Redneck chews tobacco, has a Texas drawl.

REDNECK

Where to, Big V?

JACK

If we go by the list, we have
about zero chance of making the
collar. But I know a guy who
knows what's going on South of
Jefferson. I'm betting he could
put us at 50/50.

REDNECK

I don't know...

As Redneck thinks, Exley steps up. He's overheard.

EXLEY

I'll take those odds.

(to Redneck)

Take off. We got it from here.

Jack stares. Redneck shrugs, spits tobacco juice in a
cup.

REDNECK

Between the two of you guys, you
should bring along a photographer.

77

INT. NICK'S LIQUOR - DAY

77

*

Last time we saw the Owner was Christmas Eve. He looks up from a CUSTOMER as Bud strides in.

*

BUD

I need an address on a customer of yours. Her name was Lynn.

OWNER

That's all I have to go on?

BUD

Yeah. And I think you already know who I mean, so cough it up.

OWNER

Lynn Bracken. There's a billing address and a delivery address.

BUD

Give me both. Billing first.

78

EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (LOS FELIZ) - DAY

78

*

Bud White gets out of his car in a cul-de-sac high above the city. A sleek, modern architectural house spills down the hill from a street level entrance. Approaching the house, Bud hears a distinctive sound and looks over the railing. On the lawn below, a tall, distinguished man last seen outside Nick's Liquor on Christmas Eve, is chipping golf balls. They land in a tight grouping.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

BUD'S VOICE

You must slay 'em at the Country Club.

Pierce Patchett turns and looks up.

*

BUD

Are you Pierce Patchett?

PATCHETT

I am. Are you soliciting for police charities? The last time, you people called at my office.

Bud just stares at him, shakes his head. Patchett considers, then, gesturing:

*
*

PATCHETT

Go down to the driveway. We'll talk there.

*
*
*

78A

EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - DRIVEWAY - DAY

78A *

As Bud approaches from the street, the garage door slides up. Patchett steps out with his pitching wedge, cool as can be.

*
*
*

PATCHETT

What can I do for you?

*
*

BUD

Where were you last night?

PATCHETT

I was here hosting a party.

BUD

Tell me about Richard Stensland.

PATCHETT

I don't know him. Mr...

BUD

Officer White. How about Susan Lefferts? You know her?

PATCHETT

(sighs; concedes)

You know I do. You saw me with her. How did you find me?

*
*

BUD

Nick's Liquor. This is where Lynn Bracken's booze bills go.

*

PATCHETT

Of course...

BUD

Sue Lefferts died at the Nite Owl. I'm investigating.

PATCHETT

Officially? You don't seem like a homicide detective.

*

Patchett studies Bud a beat, weighing his options. Patchett's BURLY BODYGUARD appears in the doorway at the other end of the garage.

*
*

BODYGUARD

Everything alright, Mr. Patchett?

PATCHETT

(waves him off)

Fine, Philip. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

78A

CONTINUED:

78A

BUD

Where's the other guy? Buzz.

PATCHETT

He no longer works for me.

BUD

Lefferts looked beat-up Christmas Eve, but didn't act it. How come?

PATCHETT

I think she'd been hit in the face with a tennis racket. She is -- was -- a big doubles fan.

BUD

You're a known associate of a woman killed in a mass murder. You wanna go downtown and discuss this officially?

PATCHETT

I read the newspaper account. A policeman was killed at the Nite Owl as well. This is personal with you, isn't it, Mr. White?

Bud doesn't answer, but the answer is yes.

PATCHETT

Do you care about criminal matters peripheral to Susan's murder?

BUD

No.

PATCHETT

Then you wouldn't feel obligated to report them?

BUD

That's right.

PATCHETT

Then listen closely, because I'll only say this once and if it gets repeated I'll deny it. I run call girls. Lynn Bracken is one of them and so was Susan Lefferts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78A

CONTINUED: (2)

78A

PATCHETT (CONT'D)

I treat my girls very well. I have grown daughters myself and I don't like the thought of women being hurt. I sense you share this feeling.

BUD

(ignores comment)

Why were Lefferts' eyes black?

PATCHETT

I needed a Rita Hayworth to fill out my little studio.

BUD

What little studio?

PATCHETT

There's Gardner, Hepburn, Grable, Turner. Lynn Bracken is my Veronica Lake. I use girls who look like movie stars; sometimes I employ a plastic surgeon. When you saw us, the work had just been done.

BUD

That's why her mother couldn't ID her... Jesus fucking Christ.

PATCHETT

No, Mr. White. Pierce Morehouse Patchett. Now I sense you're on your best behavior, but that's all I'll give you. If you persist, I'll meet you with my attorney. Now would you like Miss Bracken's address? I doubt she knows anything, but --

BUD

I got her address.

PATCHETT

Find Susan's killer, Mr. White. I'll give you a handsome reward. Whatever you desire.

Patchett smiles enigmatically, turns and walks through the garage toward the house. Bud is still watching him as the garage door slides down.

*
*
*

79

EXT. 1736 WILCOX, HOLLYWOOD (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY 79

A discreet Spanish house at the end of the street adjacent to a golf course. A projector's flicker strobes against the closed curtains. We hear a phone ring.

*
*

80

INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

80

*

The film is "This Gun for Hire" with Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. It's projected on a screen hanging from a banister, flashing over Lynn Bracken and an OLDER GENTLEMAN in his underwear. Lynn's long blonde hair hangs down over one eye. She looks more like Veronica Lake than Veronica Lake.

*
*

Lynn's on the phone, trying to listen as the Gentleman embraces her from behind. She hangs up, turns to him.

LYNN

You have to go. But I'll make it up to you. I promise.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Gosh, kitten, I don't know...

As he mashes up against her, there's knocking at the door. Persistent. Lynn shakes her head, can't believe this.

*

OLDER GENTLEMAN

(Alan Ladd)

Is it the cops?

As he practices pointing his finger like Ladd points a gun, Lynn goes to the door. She opens it to reveal Bud.

BUD

Miss Bracken, I'm Officer White --

Bud stops short as he sees how she's dressed, then the half-naked Alan Ladd wannabe beyond her. Lynn is cool, acts like none of it's a big deal.

LYNN

I've been expecting you. Just not this soon. Pierce called. Told me what happened to Sue.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Is everything okay, Doll? Want me to get rid of him?

BUD

Hit the road, Gramps.

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

80

Bud enters. The Older Gentleman strikes a pose. He still thinks he's Alan Ladd.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Alright. This time I'll go, but next time --

BUD

(flips badge)

LAPD, shitbird. Get the fuck out of here or I'll call your wife to come get you.

81

EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

81

Sputtering, the Older Gentleman exits with his clothes in hand. Lynn smiles kindly, shrugs as Bud slams the door in the old guy's face.

82

INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

82

Bud almost smiles as Lynn shuts off the projector.

LYNN

Can I get you a drink?

BUD

Yeah, Scotch. Straight.

Bud watches her move to the bar. God, she's beautiful.

LYNN

I was friendly with Sue Lefferts, but we weren't really friends. You know what I mean?

BUD

Are you sorry she's dead?

LYNN

Of course I am. What kind of question is that?

She steps back with a Scotch for both of them.

BUD

Have you ever heard of Dick Stensland? Stens?

LYNN

No I haven't. Do you know why Pierce is humoring you?

(CONTINUED)

BUD

You use words like that, you might
make me mad.

LYNN

Yes. But do you know?

BUD

Yeah I know. Patchett's running
whores and judging by his address,
probably something bigger on the
side. He doesn't want any
attention.

LYNN

That's right. Our motives are
selfish, so we're cooperating.

BUD

Why was Susan Lefferts at the Nite
Owl?

(CONTINUED)

LYNN

I don't know. I never heard of the Nite Owl till today.

BUD

Did Lefferts have a boyfriend?

LYNN

Like I said we were friendly, not friends.

BUD

How'd she meet Patchett?

LYNN

Pierce meets people. Sue came on the bus with dreams of Hollywood. This is how they turned out. Thanks to Pierce, we still get to act a little.

BUD

Tell me about Patchett.

LYNN

He's waiting for you to mention mention.

BUD

You want some advice, Miss Bracken?

LYNN

It's Lynn.

BUD

Miss Bracken, don't ever try to fucking bribe me or threaten me or I'll have you and Patchett in shit up to your ears.

Lynn smiles again. She likes Bud. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

WAC 48

LYNN

I remember you from Christmas Eve.
You have a thing for helping women,
don't you, Officer White?

BUD

Maybe I'm just fucking curious.

LYNN

You say 'fuck' a lot.

82

CONTINUED: (2)

82

BUD

You fuck for money.

LYNN

There's blood on your shirt. Is that an integral part of your job?

BUD

Yeah.

LYNN

Do you enjoy it?

BUD

When they deserve it.

LYNN

Did they deserve it today?

BUD

Last night. And I'm not sure.

LYNN

But you did it anyway.

BUD

Yeah, just like the half dozen guys you screwed today.

LYNN

(laughs again)

Actually, it was two. You're different, Officer White. You're the first man in five years who didn't tell me I look like Veronica Lake inside of a minute.

BUD

You look better than Veronica Lake. Now, Pierce Patchett.

LYNN

He takes a cut of our earnings and invests it for us. He doesn't let us use narcotics and he doesn't abuse us. Can your policeman's mentality grasp those contradictions?

BUD

He had you cut to look like Veronica Lake?

(CONTINUED)

LYNN

No. I'm really a brunette, but the rest is me. And that's all the news that's fit to print.

Lynn starts toward the door. Bud watches her for a moment, then follows. She takes his glass at the door.

LYNN

It was nice meeting you, Officer.

Out the door, Bud turns back. Blurts:

BUD

Look. I want to see you again.

LYNN

Are you asking me for a date or an appointment?

BUD

(suddenly unsure)

I don't know.

LYNN

(another smile)

If it's a date I think you'd better tell me your first name because I --'

BUD

(feeling foolish)

Forget I asked. It was a mistake.

Lynn watches thoughtfully after Bud as he walks away. He opens his car door like he's going to tear it off. A last glance back at Lynn as he gets in the car...

A BLACK BOXER pounds a heavybag/speed bag combo bolted to the porch of the house. Wiry, a welterweight, he doesn't see Jack and Exley till they're almost on top of him.

JACK

Leonard Bidwell?

The Boxer leans on the bag to catch his breath. Looking them over, he finally nods.

JACK

How's the left these days?

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

BOXER

What's it to you?

JACK

I saw you fight Kid Gavilan. I like your style.

BOXER

What do you want, Mr. Policeman?

JACK

You got a brother up in Folsom. I know because I put him there.

BOXER

Till 19-fucking-70.

JACK

How'd you like to make it 1960? I know the Judge and Lieutenant Exley here is friends with the D.A.

Exley nods this is true. The Boxer's still listening.

EXLEY

We're looking for three colored guys who like to pop off shotguns. One of them owns a maroon Merc coupe.

*

BOXER

You wanna get me a fuckin' snitch jacket?

JACK

You wanna buy your brother ten years?... You don't have to say anything. Just look at this list and point. Here.

Jack holds the DMV list out to the Boxer who waves it off.

BOXER

He's bad, so I'll just tell you. Sugar Ray Collins. Drives a maroon '49 coupe, beautiful ride. Don't know about shotguns, but he gets his thrills killing dogs. He is righteous trash.

*

Jack and Exley scan the list. Jack's finger stabs down on Collins. Raymond. 9611 1/2 South Tevere.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (2)

83

JACK

That's five minutes from here.

84

EXT. SOUTH TEVERE ST. - DAY

84

A two-story house with garage apartments in back. Jack coasts the car to the curb. He leaps out with Exley. Exley holds up at the sight of a late model sedan. He leans down to look in the window at the two-way on the dash.

EXLEY

It's one of us.

JACK

Shit. Someone beat us here.

They run down the driveway of the house next door and cut across. Voices from the garages ahead. We see a chrome bumper, the maroon fender of a '49 Mercury coupe. A door slams. Drawing a .45, Jack starts over with Exley, .38 in hand.

*

85

INT. SOUTH TEVERE ST. - GARAGE - DAY

85

Toting shotguns, Dudley's boys from the Victory Motel, Breuning and Carlisle, stand by the maroon Mercury. Jack and Exley come around the corner, lower their guns.

*

JACK

Hey.

Breuning wheels, pumps a round into the chamber. He very nearly fires before he sees who it is.

CARLISLE

What the fuck are you guys doing here?

EXLEY

Think of us as back-up.

JACK

What do you got?

As Jack moves to peer through the Merc's window.

BREUNING

Three Ithaca pumps, an empty box of double-ought buck and cash.

Jack spots them. Three shotguns on the passenger side floor, an empty box of shells and loose dollar bills.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

JACK

So long, Vice. 'Badge of Honor,'
here I come.

Carlisle moves forward; Breuning restrains his partner.

CARLISLE

Fuck you, Vincennes. It's our
collar.

EXLEY

Quiet. I'm ranking officer here.
We go as a team. End of story.

86

INT. CORRIDOR (SOUTH TEVERE ST.) - DAY

86 *

Breuning and Carlisle lead the way with Jack and Exley
bringing up the rear. Squinting, Exley reaches to his
pocket for something. Not there.

EXLEY

Dammit...

JACK

What?

EXLEY

Glasses.

JACK

(chuckling)

Just don't shoot me.

The door to 9611 1/2. Two men on either side. Breuning
and Jack rear back. They kick at the same instant. The
door flies off its hinges to reveal two young black men,
RAY COLLINS and TY JONES, waking from a couple of flop
mattresses.

*

87

INT. ROOM 9611 1/2 (SOUTH TEVERE ST.) - DAY

87 *

Collins jumps up. Entering, Carlisle aims, but Exley
grabs his arm. The blast rips the ceiling. Jack aims.

JACK

Freeze!

Collins freezes. Jones doesn't dare get up.

CARLISLE

Ace him, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (A1)

89

Exley looks through the glass at the suspects, pauses at Fontaine who looks young, vulnerable and scared.

Dudley hands Exley report photos -- blow-ups of shell casings.

DUDLEY

Hot off the press. The strike marks on shells fired from the suspects' shotguns match the strike marks on the shell casings found at the Nite Owl.

(re: suspects)

Ed, I want confessions. A night stewing has softened them up.

EXLEY

I'll break them, Sir.

As Exley steps into the first interrogation room, Jack joins Dudley.

JACK

You think golden boy can handle it, Cap?

DUDLEY

I think you'll be surprised what Edmund's capable of.

90

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1

90

Exley closes the door. Ray Collins is cuffed to a chair. One eye swollen shut, lip split, a smashed nose with one nostril split.

As Exley steps toward him, Collins pulls back warily. Exley unlocks his cuffs, drops cigarettes and matches on the table. As Collins rubs his wrist...

EXLEY

They call you Sugar Ray because of Ray Robinson?

(no answer)

They say Robinson can throw a four punch combination in one second. Do you believe that?

Collins just stares at him.

EXLEY

You're 22, aren't you, Ray?

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED: (A1)

90

COLLINS

Say what and so what.

EXLEY

Did one of the officers work you
over a little?

No bite. Collins just stares back.

EXLEY

So you're twenty-two, right?

COLLINS

Man, why do you keep asking me
that?

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

EXLEY

Just getting my facts straight.
Twenty-two makes it a gas chamber
bounce. You should have pulled
this caper a couple of years ago.
Get life, do a little Youth
Authority jolt, transfer to Folsom
a big man. Orbit on some of that
good prison brew, get yourself a
sissy --

COLLINS

I never truck with no sissies!

EXLEY

That fucking Louis. I almost
believed him.

COLLINS

Believed what?

EXLEY

Nothing, Ray. You did the Casitas
Youth Camp with Louis, didn't you?

COLLINS

Man, why're you talkin' about
Louis? His business is his
business.

Unseen by Collins, Exley reaches under the table, takes
hold of one of three toggle switches.

EXLEY

Sugar, Louis told me you went
Sissy up at Casitas. You couldn't
do the time so you found yourself
a big white boy to look after you.
He said they call you 'sugar'
because you gave it out so sweet.

Exley flips the toggle.

91

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2

91

The speaker over Louis Fontaine's head crackles to life.

COLLINS' VOICE

Louis gave it at Casitas! Man, I
was the fuckin' boss jocker on my
dorm! Louis's the sissy! Louis
give it for candy bars!

Exley flips up the second toggle.

COLLINS

He's got no more sense than a fuckin' dog.

Exley flips the switches off.

EXLEY

I heard you like to shoot dogs.

COLLINS

Dogs got no reason to live.

EXLEY

Oh? You feel that way about people, too?

COLLINS

Man, what're you saying?

EXLEY

Ray, we got the shotguns.

COLLINS

I don't own no shotguns.

EXLEY

Why were you throwing clothes in the building incinerator?

COLLINS

(trembling)

Say what?

EXLEY

You guys were arrested this morning, but none of you have last night's clothes. The building manager saw you throwing them into the incinerator. It doesn't look good.

COLLINS

I got nothin' more to say till I see a judge.

EXLEY

Were you on hop? You were passed out when you got arrested. Were you hopped up, Ray?

COLLINS

Ty and Louis fuck with that shit, not me.

(CONTINUED)

96

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

96

Exley enters.

DUDLEY

Masterful, Edmund. Your father
would've been proud.

(pointing)

This one's on the verge.

Exley looks through the glass into #2. Louis Fontaine --
weeping. A piss puddle on the floor by his chair.

EXLEY

Fontaine next, but give Jones the
newspaper. I want him primed.

Exley heads for the door to #2.

97

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2

97

Fontaine tries to control his sniffles as Exley enters.

EXLEY

Louis, Ray Collins ratted you off.
He said the Nite Owl was your
idea. You want to tell me about
it?

No answer.

EXLEY

I think it was Ray's idea. Talk
and I think I can save your life.

No answer.

EXLEY

Son, six people are dead and
somebody has to pay. It can be
you or it can be Ray.

No answer.

EXLEY

Louis, he called you queer. He
said at Casitas you took it up the
ass. He said --

FONTAINE

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY!

The voice is strong, full of conviction. Exley nearly
jumps back. He glances at the mirror, unsure. Then,
leaning in...

*
*

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

EXLEY

Son, you know what's going to happen if you don't talk. So for God's sake admit what you did.

*
*
*
*

FONTAINE

(sobbing)

I didn't mean to hurt her. Maybe she's okay.

*
*
*
*

EXLEY

Okay? These people are all in the morgue. They were dead when you left them.

*
*
*
*

FONTAINE

(falling apart)

I just wanted to lose my cherry. She don't die so I don't die. She don't die so I don't die.

*
*
*
*

Exley can't hide his surprise at this.

EXLEY

Who are you talking about? Was she at the Nite Owl? Who is she?

*
*

But Fontaine is gone. Head lolling, eyes squeezing out tears. The interrogation has taken a U-turn.

98

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

98

Everyone watches, glued, as Exley exits Interrogation Room #2 and heads for #3.

99

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3

99

Jones is reading the paper when Exley bursts in.

JONES

This newspaper shit ain't shit.

EXLEY

Where's the girl Fontaine's talking about? Was she a hooker? Did you kill her?

No answer, but Jones looks nervous.

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED:

99

EXLEY

You wanted Louis to lose his
cherry, but things got out of
hand. Is that right?

(no answer)

Is she still alive?

(no answer)

Kick loose, Jones. I think you
made her bleed. She bled on your
clothes, so you burned the clothes.

No answer, but Jones is squirming.

100

OMITTED

100

101

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

101

Everyone's attention is riveted, particularly Bud's.
They watch, listen over the speaker.

EXLEY

(over speaker)

If that girl is alive she is the
only chance you've got.

JONES

(over speaker)

I think she's alive.

EXLEY

(over speaker)

You think?

No one notices as the chair back begins to splinter in
Bud's hands.

102

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3

102

Exley sits across from Jones, tries to wrap it up.

*

EXLEY

Where is she now? Did you leave
her someplace?

(no answer)

Did you sell her out? Give her to
some of your buddies? Tell me
where she is.

Jones looks up. As he opens his mouth to talk, the door
blasts open. Bud slams Jones up against the wall. As
Exley stands, he bangs his knee on the table. Pulling a
.38, Bud breaks the cylinder, drops 5 shells on the
floor.

BUD

One in six. Where's the girl?

EXLEY

Officer White, put down that
weapon. I have this under
control --

Bud shoves the barrel into Jones' mouth, pulls the
trigger twice. Click, click. Jones starts to slide down
the wall.

BUD

WHERE?!

Exley grabs at Bud who flings him back. Two more clicks.

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED:

102

Jones spills.

JONES

S-sylvester F-fitch one-o-nine
Avalon gray corner house, upstairs...

*
*

Bud charges out, leaving Exley blinking in his wake.

103

EXT. AVALON BOULEVARD - DAY

103 *

A four car cordon. They coast up to a GRAY CORNER HOUSE.
Dudley Smith behind the wheel of the lead cruiser. Bud
White rides shotgun, reloading his revolver.

BUD

Give me one minute.

DUDLEY

You've got it, Wendell.

104

EXT. STREET - DAY

104 *

Bud is out the door and scooting down an alley. Exley
moves to follow, but Dudley cuts him off.

DUDLEY

We're going through the front.

105

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

105 *

Bud vaults a fence, pads up the steps to a back porch.
A screen door. Bud pulls a flick knife from an ankle
holster. He slips the catch with the blade and walks
inside.

*
*
*

106

INT. FITCH APARTMENT - SCREEN PORCH - DAY

106 *

Bud heads for a blind-covered door. Unlocked, he
enters...

107

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

107 *

He silently moves down the narrow hall. Light bounces
from side rooms. We hear music and cartoon voices from
up ahead. Bud looks into a...

*
*
*

108 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

108

A NUDE GIRL spread-eagled on a mattress. Bound and gagged. Her eyes grow wide at the sight of Bud, then flicker down the hall. Directing him.

108A INT. HALLWAY - DAY

108A

Raising the .38, Bud continues along the hall. He looks into the empty kitchen. Up ahead...

109 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

109

SYLVESTER FITCH sits naked on the couch wolfing Rice Krispies and watching cartoons on a flickering TV. He looks up, sees the .38 before he sees Bud beyond it. Fitch sets down his spoon.

Bud shoots him in the face. Dead, Fitch just sits there.

Bud moves behind him. Pulling a spare piece from his ankle holster, Bud fires back at the door from Fitch's line of fire, then puts the gun in Fitch's hand.

We hear a crash against the front door. As Fitch slides off the chair to the floor, Bud dumps the Rice Krispies on him.

109A INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

109A

The front door flies open. Exley leads the charge up the stairs. A look in the living room tells the story. One of the cops moves down the hall and looks into...

109B INT. BEDROOM - DAY

109B

Bud is by the bed, covering the girl, comforting her and cutting the ties that bind.

110 EXT. FITCH APARTMENT - DUSK

110

The Girl on a stretcher. Being carried to an AMBULANCE. Bud White walks alongside, looking like some ferocious pet pit bull. The ATTENDANTS get her inside. One joins her. The other pauses to light a smoke.

Bud takes the cigarette from his mouth.

BUD
Get her to the fucking hospital.

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED:

110

One look at Bud, and the Attendant is running around to the driver's side. *

Exley arrives, leans in to the rear of the ambulance. *

EXLEY *

Miss, I'm Lieutenant Exley. I know this is difficult, but I need to know when they left you. *

Bud pulls Exley back. *

BUD *

Give your career a rest and leave her alone. *

Bud closes the door, pounds the side of the ambulance, signaling the driver to go. As the ambulance pulls out... *

EXLEY

A naked guy with a gun? You expect anyone to believe that?

BUD

Get the fuck away from me.

Bud starts away, Exley follows. *

EXLEY

How's it going to look on your report? Huh?

Bud keeps going.

BUD

It'll look like justice. That's what that fat fuck got. Justice.

EXLEY

You don't know what the word means, you dumb bastard.

BUD

(stops; turns)

Yeah? You think it means getting your picture in the paper.

They're in each other's face. Other cops begin to take notice.

BUD

Why don't you go after criminals for a change instead of cops?

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED: (2)

110

EXLEY

Stensland deserved what he got.
And so will you.

They're chest to chest with Bud forcing Exley back. But ten hands pull them apart. Dudley on Exley. Four cops genuinely having trouble on Bud.

DUDLEY

You should stay away from a man
when his blood is up.

EXLEY

His blood's always up.

DUDLEY

Then maybe you should stay away
from him all the time.

And as if things couldn't get crazier, shouts from the cops on the street. Police radios cranked up.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Repeat, three suspects escaped
from the Hall of Justice jail.
The Nite Owl killers: Raymond
Collins, Ty Jones and Louis
Fontaine. They are considered
armed and extremely dangerous.
Descriptions are as follows...

111

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

111

Electrified, "Nite Owl Killers" on everyone's lips.

COP ONE

They jumped out a second floor
window. Some dope left them alone
for a minute.

COP TWO

Girl at the hospital gave her
statement. The three jigs left
her at midnight. Plenty of time
to be at the Nite Owl by one.

Exley wades through it all, beelines a SECRETARY.

EXLEY

I need the interrogation
transcript on Ray Collins.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*
*
*

111

CONTINUED: (A1)

111

SECRETARY

I'm typing it now.

EXLEY

The question was, 'Give me one to
feed the D.A.' What was the
answer?

*
*

The Secretary scans her freshly typed pages, finds it.

(CONTINUED)

111

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

Roland Navarette. Lives on Bunker Hill. He runs a hole-up and sells red devils --

But Exley's already moving off. Police rush by.

EXLEY

Anyone seen Jack Vincennes?

A few Cops mumble they haven't. As Exley decides what to do, Carlisle from the original arrest steps over.

CARLISLE

Is something up, Lieutenant?

EXLEY

I need some back-up... Come on.

112

EXT. VICTORIAN APARTMENT BUILDING (1ST & OLIVE) - NIGHT 112

Exley and Carlisle pull up around the corner from a four-story Victorian with paint peeling off the clapboards.

They jump out of the car totting SHOTGUNS. They drop down over a wall and, dodging clothes on lines, cut through the narrow yards of a bungalow court.

113

INT. VICTORIAN APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 113

Carlisle waits as Exley checks the mail slots: Navarette, 408. Exley and Carlisle take the steps two at a time.

114

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY (VICTORIAN) - NIGHT 114

Exley squints, reaches to a pocket. No glasses. He passes an elevator, rounds a corner. There's 408. Exley pumps the shotgun, nods to Carlisle who kicks the door in.

115

INT. NAVARETTE LIVING ROOM (VICTORIAN) - NIGHT 115

Exley and Carlisle burst in on four men eating sandwiches. Fontaine and caucasian NAVARETTE at a table. Collins on the floor. Jones by the window. No weapons in sight. Exley squints. *

EXLEY

Nobody move!

Fontaine and Navarette raise their hands. A jostled beer bottle crashes to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

Reacting, Carlisle jerks the trigger. Fontaine goes down.

Navarette draws a .38, shoots Carlisle twice in the chest. Exley blasts Navarette.

Screaming, Jones pulls a .45 from his belt. Exley fires, blowing him right through the window.

Collins makes a run for it out the kitchen door, to the back door of the next apartment. Exley fires, taking out half the wall as Collins dives through the door.

*
*
*

116

OMITTED

116 *

116A

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT

116A *

Collins scrambles through, out the front door. Here comes Exley.

*
*

117

INT. HALLWAY

117

Exley stumbles out, wiping Navarette's blood from his eyes. Down the hall, he sees:

*
*

Collins vanishes into the elevator.

*

Exley charges as the elevator doors close.

*

The shotgun barrel juts through. The door bangs against it. BLAM!

*
*

118

OMITTED

118 *

&

& *

119

119 *

120 INT. ELEVATOR

120

The doors open and Exley stares down at what he's done. *

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE

121 Tony Bennett belts "Boulevard of Broken Dreams."

121

122 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - NIGHT

122

Exley returns to grudging respect. His white shirt flecked with blood, he's clapped on the back by Dudley who dubs him "Shotgun Ed." Exley doesn't enjoy it. He's numb, stumbling along. As he notices the blood on his hands...

123 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

123

NITE OWL HERO! Over a photo of Exley.

124 EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - DAY

124

A coffin is lowered into the ground. A sea of dress blues. Carlisle's funeral. As a twenty-one gun salute is fired...

125 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL CEMETERY - DAY

125

Louis Fontaine's MOTHER and a small gathering of family mourn as Louis Fontaine is buried. *

126 EXT. CITY HALL STEPS - DAY

126

Reporters scribble as the Chief speaks. Uniforms everywhere along with Exley and Loew. Bud sits in the back.

THE CHIEF

Edmund J. Exley has amassed a brilliant record in his seven years with the LAPD. Recently he evinced spectacular bravery in the line of duty. It is my honor to present him with our highest honor, the Medal of Valor.

(CONTINUED)

126

CONTINUED:

126

Exley steps up. The Chief hangs a gold medallion around his neck. Flashbulbs pop as the two men shake hands. Exley then accepts a handshake from Dudley. The policemen stand on cue, applaud without enthusiasm. Dudley lifts the medal from his chest.

DUDLEY

Your father would've been proud.

Dudley puts an arm around Exley's shoulder, smiles out as more bulbs flash. Exley considers his medal. It is an appealing thing.

Watching from the back, Bud sneers, turns and walks away.

127

INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - DAY

127 *

Cameras roll as Brett Chase interrogates a "SUSPECT." Jack arrives to smiles and quiet handshakes. He's back. Someone hands him a script. Chase looks over, winks.

128

EXT. ORANGE GROVE (ANAHEIM) - DAY

128

People cheer as bulldozers mow down orange trees. A banner heralds the future: On this site: The World's Biggest Amusement Park. Cartoon characters dance among the fallen trees.

129

INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - DAY

129

Standing off to the side is the Older Gentlemen last seen doing his best Alan Ladd impersonation at Lynn Bracken's. He stares emphatically at the SMARMY LAWYER who stands before him holding a manila folder.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

You tell Mr. Patchett I have no intention of changing my vote.

The Lawyer simply hands him a stack of photographs. From Lynn Bracken's apartment. The first is the Older Gentleman naked except for his socks and garters.

130

INT. CITY HALL - CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

130

The Older Gentleman rises for a council vote.

OLDER GENTLEMAN

It may surprise some, but a mature man, enlightened by the facts, can change his mind...

131 EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - NIGHT

131

Rain. A limo disgorges a HEAVY-SET MAN who climbs the steps, knocks on the door. Lynn answers in an evening gown. He gives her a peck on the cheek and continues in past her. Lynn's about to follow him in when she pauses to deadpan a look down the street.

Bud's Packard is parked there and we can see his darkened silhouette behind the wheel. Smiling a bit sadly to herself, Lynn disappears inside.

This is no stake-out. Bud watches after her with yearning.

132 INT. THE TROCADERO CLUB - NIGHT

132

CIGARETTE GIRLS and the CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER make the rounds. Johnny Stompanato enjoys the frenzied floor show.

133 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

133

Hopalong Cassidy, on horseback, leads a parade. As he passes, he pulls his six gun, points it at the camera, winks and laughs. Pan to six bathing beauties on a float. Pan again to D.A. Ellis Loew and "Badge of Honor" star Brett Chase walking with a platoon of shining POLICE CADETS. A banner reads: "L.A.'s Finest."

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*

134 INT. THE OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

134

The crowd in a frenzy as Vincennes-snitch, the welter-weight Black Boxer, beats the shit out of a WHITE FIGHTER.

135 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

135

The monied JOHNS watch horny as hell as "GINGER ROGERS" twirls around the room with a female "FRED ASTAIRE." Clothes fly as they spin. Still, most eyes turn to Lynn Bracken as she enters oozing that cat-girl grace. Surveying it all from a chair to the side - Pierce Patchett.

*
*

136 OMITTED

136

137 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - NIGHT

137

Screams. A CAULIFLOWER-EARED Cleveland mob ENFORCER on the hotseat. Breuning works him with a rubber hose as Dudley asks unanswered questions. Bud watches, revulsion growing.

(CONTINUED)

137

CONTINUED:

137

DUDLEY

Where did you intend to start.
Prostitution? Gambling?

(no answer)

Go back to Cleveland, Lad. This
is the City of Angels and you
haven't got any wings.

More screams as the hose thwops down. Bud looks away,
then shuffles blindly out of the room.

138

INT. BATHROOM (VICTORY MOTEL) - NIGHT

138

Bud runs water in the sink to drown out the screams. It
doesn't work. Finally, he leans down and sticks his head
under the stream of water. That doesn't work either.

139

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT

139

Hair dripping wet, Bud makes it to his car. The tires
spit gravel as he tears away. Dudley appears in the
doorway, watching curiously. As Cauliflower continues to
scream...

140

INT. BUD'S PACKARD - 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - DAWN

140

Bud watches Lynn Bracken's apartment. Colored lights
play on the windows. Shadows pass. As the front door
opens, the "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams" ends.

There's Veronica Lake, all sparkles and spangles, kissing
another DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN goodnight. Bud watches
the man into a waiting LIMO.

141

INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

141

Now Lynn just looks tired. As she puts away Scotch
bottles and picks up empty glasses, there's a knock on
the door. Lynn sighs, becomes sultry Veronica Lake
before our eyes.

142

INT. FRONT HALL (1736 WILCOX) - DAWN

142

LYNN
(opening door)
Did you forget some --

Bud stands there, filling up the door frame.

LYNN
I wondered when you might ring my
bell again, Officer White.

BUD
It's Bud.

Bud looks at Lynn a moment, then down at his own feet.
Embarrassed. She smiles.

LYNN
You should see yourself. You look
like you're ten years old.

Bud looks back up. Lynn's smile fades as she studies his
face. She looks down, almost embarrassed for a moment.
She runs a hand through the blonde hair covering one eye.

LYNN
If you'd called first I wouldn't
look this ridiculous.

Bud reaches up. Gently pushes her hair off her face. A
moment later she's easing off her wig to reveal her
natural brown hair. Bud takes out a handkerchief,
carefully wipes her lipstick, some of the makeup off her
face. Lynn lets him do it.

BUD
You're beautiful.

Bud leans in slowly, gently kisses her. He pulls back
so he can see her.

LYNN
You're wondering if Patchett told
me to be receptive.

Bud doesn't answer, but yes. She kisses him. Softly,
drawing it out. Not a job.

LYNN
It doesn't matter.

Deciding, she takes him by the hand, leads him through the
living room and up the stairs to a closed door.

142A INT. LYNN'S ROOM (1736 WILCOX) - DAWN

142A

A small, simply furnished bedroom. The effects are personal, nothing of Veronica Lake. Bud takes it in, looks at her. She smiles slightly, almost shyly.

BUD

Why me?

LYNN

I'm not sure.

Bud takes her in his arms. He loosens her dress at the waist. She lets it fall. Naked in more ways than one. As she starts to undress Bud...

142B INT. CITY OF ANGELS HOSPITAL - VISITOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

142B *

Among the gathered PRESS, a PHOTOGRAPHER checks his camera as a REPORTER waits. *

REPORTER

Good story. Rape victim wheeled out of hospital by the man who killed the guys who did it. *

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yeah... Pulitzer stuff. *

142C INT. CITY OF ANGELS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

142C *

Exley wheels Inez along. *

INEZ

Thank you for what you did. For killing those putos who raped me. *

(a beat) *

Will you thank Officer White for me? *

EXLEY

Sure... *

INEZ

Seeing him come through the door is about the only thing I remember. Thank god. *

This bothers Exley a bit. *

(CONTINUED)

142C CONTINUED:

142C

EXLEY

But you remember the times,
right? In your statement, you
said the suspects left you at
midnight.

INEZ

It might have been.

EXLEY

(stops)
Might have?

INEZ

I don't know when they left me.
I wanted them dead. Would anyone
have cared that they raped a
Mexican girl from Boyle Heights
if they hadn't killed those
white people at the Nite Owl?
I did what I had to for justice.

As Exley's head swims... Up ahead, the press have spotted
them.

143

INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - NIGHT

143

A "Badge of Honor" fund-raiser for a CITY COUNCILMAN'S reelection campaign. Hot dogs and sauerkraut. Fish-bowls stuffed with cash. Jack is here, returns a glad-hander's greeting with a half-hearted smile. D.A. Ellis Loew sits on one side of the Councilman, the Councilman's WIFE and TEENAGE DAUGHTER sit on the other as Brett "Joe Reno" Chase speaks.

*
*

CHASE

This election is about the future of law enforcement in Los Angeles. A friend of the police, City Councilman Rogers represents that future. So dig deep and let's get a moral man reelected. District Attorney Ellis Loew would like to say a few words.

Applause. Leaving the podium, Chase is replaced by Loew. Chase smiles at the Councilman's daughter who absolutely gushes. Chase then winks knowingly to Jack who returns a tired, humorless smile.

*
*
*

Jack scans the room. An odd moment as Jack catches his own reflection in a mirror across the way. He puts a hand to his face.

HUDGEONS (O.S.)

Big V Jack Vincennes!

Jack turns to see Sid Hudgeons approaching.

HUDGEONS

Good to see you're back, boychick.

JACK

Sid, how are they hanging?

HUDGEONS

Down around my ankles. You tight with the D.A., Jackie?

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED:

143

JACK

Sure, he just tried to throw me off the force last Christmas as a joke.

HUDGEONS

How about some payback? Big time. Not to mention a donation to the widows and orphans fund. Did you know Loew was a swish?

*

JACK

No kidding?

Hudgeons scans the crowd, points someone out.

HUDGEONS

You remember Matt Reynolds?

Jack spots Matt Reynolds -- one of the young actors Jack arrested on Christmas Eve.

HUDGEONS

The movie premiere pot bust. He just got off the honor farm.

*

JACK

What's he doing here, Sid?

HUDGEONS

Reynold's acey-deucey. Not to mention broke. I'm getting him to fuck the D.A. for a hundred bucks.
(winks)
That's twice the fifty you got for wrecking his career.

*

*

Even Jack's not immune to a comment like that.

HUDGEONS

Matt! Over here!

As Reynolds heads over, Hudgeons points out...

HUDGEONS

That's D.A. Loew right there.

Reynolds gets a nervous bead on Loew. Hudgeons realizes:

HUDGEONS

You need a drink, Kid... Jack, look after him a minute. Kid, this is Jack. No secrets between me and him.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED: (2)

143

Hudgeons heads off. Reynolds, pale, nods at Jack.

REYNOLDS

Have we met before?

JACK

Yeah.

Jack doesn't really feel like talking to him. Reynolds' nerves won't let him stay quiet.

REYNOLDS

Was it a party?

JACK

Something like that.

REYNOLDS

(misreading)

Oh, I know. A Fleur-de-Lis party, right?

Jack remembers the name, plays along for what it's worth.

JACK

Fleur-de-Lis. "Whatever you desire."

REYNOLDS

Dope, hookers that look like movie stars. Pierce Patchett has it all.

*

JACK

(bluffing along)

You got that right.

*

*

REYNOLDS

He isn't like regular people. I dig him, but he scares me, too.

*

JACK

Really? How?

Reynolds shakes his head, doesn't want to talk about it.

*

REYNOLDS

You know, when I came out to L.A., this isn't exactly where I saw myself ending up.

*

*

Reynolds looks like he's going to cry. Hudgeons returns with a double Scotch straight up and a hot dog with sauerkraut. He hands the drink to Matt.

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED: (3)

143

HUDGEONS

Dutch courage, Kid. Drink up.

Reynolds downs a few gulps, looks across the room at Loew.

REYNOLDS

I don't know if I should do this.

HUDGEONS

Hey, it's not like you don't know how. And Jack here has connections on "Badge of Honor." Pull this off and there'll be a part for you. I smell a comeback. Don't you, Jack?

Reynolds looks to Jack who gives a noncommittal shrug.

HUDGEONS

Loew's free. Introduce yourself. *

Reynolds looks toward Loew, hesitates. Hudgeons sees his heart isn't in it.

HUDGEONS

Talk to him, Jack. Tell him about the opening on the show.

JACK

I'm pretty sure I can get you a part on the show... But tonight? Pretend it's an acting job, kid. Showbiz.

REYNOLDS

And no one'll know about this?

JACK

It'll be our secret.

REYNOLDS

Showbiz...

Emboldened by Jack's promise, Reynolds drains his glass and heads off. *

HUDGEONS

If Reynolds works his charms, which he will, they'll be around the corner at the Hollywood Center Motel. Room seven. *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

143

CONTINUED: (4)

143

HUDGEONS (CONT'D)

Meet me at midnight for a little
photo shoot. Maybe we'll work
in the Hollywood sign this time.

*
*
*

Hudgeons holds out a President Grant \$50 bill. Jack
doesn't take it.

JACK

Sid, what do you know about Pierce
Patchett?

HUDGEONS

Why do you ask?

*

JACK

I've been hearing some rumors.
Wild parties, high class porn.
Hookers that look like movie stars.

*
*
*

HUDGEONS

Jackie, all I know is what you
know. The man is very rich. And
he's invested in freeway
construction so he's gonna get a
lot richer. But that's it.
Patchett's what I like to call
'Twilight.' He ain't queer, he
ain't Red, he can't help me in my
quest for prime sinuendo.

Jack takes the \$50. Jack and Hudgeons watch as Reynolds
strikes a conversation with Loew who's captivated.

*

HUDGEONS

(laughing)

As though 'Badge of Honor' would
touch the kid with a ten foot pole
after he's been the Hush-Hush cover
boy twice in one year.

*
*
*
*
*

Hudgeons chomps a bite of his hot dog, gives Jack the high
sign, but Jack just feels like a pimp.

*

JACK

(starts away)

I'll catch up with you in a
couple of hours.

*
*

HUDGEONS

Midnight. I guarantee all kinds
of illegal activity.

*
*

CUT TO:

*

144 OMITTED

144 *

144A INT. MOVIE THEATER - SCREEN - NIGHT

144A

ROMAN HOLIDAY. A humorous moment between Gregory Peck and a radiant Audrey Hepburn. Among those in the packed house: Bud and Lynn. She watches the screen, laughing, but he can't stop looking at her.

145 OMITTED

145

&

&

146

146

146A EXT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT

146A

A Hollywood Boulevard hole in the wall. Next door, at the Pantages, THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL is playing.

146B INT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT

146B

The BARTENDER walks down the bar to where Jack sits.

BARTENDER

Another, Jack?

JACK

Yeah.

As the Bartender turns for one, the bill Jack finds is the FIFTY Hudgeons gave him. The things he's done for fifty bucks... He looks at his reflection in the bar mirror. Is that him? The Bartender sets down the drink. He plucks the fifty from Jack's hand. Jack checks the clock. 11:15. With sudden resolution, he starts out.

BARTENDER

Hey, Jack! Your change!

146C EXT. HOLLYWOOD CENTER MOTEL - NIGHT

146C

Jack pulls up. Move with him as he gets out and heads with purpose for room seven. The TV's on inside. Jack knocks.

JACK

Kid? Matt?

Jack turns the knob. The door opens.

146D INT. HOLLYWOOD CENTER MOTEL - ROOM 7 - NIGHT

146D

Jack nearly trips over a body. Matt Reynolds. Soaked in blood. Throat slit. Jack looks down in horror as Reynolds seems to stare back up at him. Jack stumbles out the door. We hear his car door slam shut, the screech of rubber down the street.

146E INT. STAGE 4 - VARIETY INTERNATIONAL PICTURES - NIGHT

146E

The party's still going. Jack arrives. Crossing the dance floor, he shoves one couple out of the way, stops short when he spots Ellis Loew and Brett Chase talking by the bandstand.

HUDGEONS

Jackie! I was trying to reach you.

*

JACK

Sid. I --

(CONTINUED)

146E CONTINUED:

146E

HUDGEONS

The kid left, chickened out. The
night cost me a hundred and fifty
scoots and I got bupkis.

*
*
*

Jack grabs Hudgeons' arm to shut him up.

*

JACK

(intense)

Reynolds is dead. I was just at
the motel. Somebody slit his throat.

*
*
*

HUDGEONS

Jesus... Jesus...

*

Hudgeons seems shocked until we realize...

*

HUDGEONS

Jack, that's a story. "Swish Actor
Gets the Gay Blade." Let me get my
camera.

*

Hudgeons starts away, but Jack holds onto him.

*

JACK

Loew didn't go with him. You're
sure?

HUDGEONS

Do I look like Helen Keller to you?

*

Jack lets go of him, starts for Loew and Brett Chase.

*

HUDGEONS

Jackie? Big V? What are you
doing?

*
*

146F BANDSTAND

146F *

Brett Chase looks over, smiles as Jack wades his way
toward them. Loew looks oddly distracted.

*
*

CHASE

Hey, Jack.

*

Trying to keep it together, Jack stares at Loew, gets
closer than he should.

*
*

LOEW

Is something wrong, Sergeant?

*

(CONTINUED)

146F CONTINUED:

146F

JACK

You tell me. What did you and
Matt Reynolds talk about?

LOEW

Excuse me?

Hudgeons gets between Jack and Chase.

HUDGEONS

Jack, I think it's time to shove
off.

Jack shoves him aside. As Hudgeons stumbles back, some
people stop dancing, start to turn.

*

*

CHASE

Jack, what're you doing?

But Loew's sweating it. And Jack notices something.

JACK

Where's your tie? You were
wearing a tie before.

LOEW

Excuse me?

Chase smiles, tries to diffuse things.

CHASE

What do you got, a dress code all
of a sudden?

Jack stares hard at Loew who doesn't answer.

CHASE

Jack, the show doesn't need this.

JACK

Fuck the show...

(to Loew)

Where's your fucking tie?! Did you
leave it somewhere?!

(CONTINUED)

146F

CONTINUED: (2)

146F

All eyes are on them as Loew calmly reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out his tie.

Jack blinks. Dead end. As he lets go, deflates...

LOEW

Vincennes, you're through.

Jack looks to Chase, back at Loew, at some of the faces gaping at him.

JACK

God, I fucking hope so.

As Jack heads out...

147
thru
150

OMITTED

147
thru
150

151

INT. 1736 WILCOX - LYNN'S ROOM - NIGHT

151

Spent, Bud and Lynn lie in bed. A brunette, she traces a finger over his bicep. They're quiet, lost in reverie. Then, Lynn's eye catches something tossed on a dresser: one of her blonde wigs. She becomes pensive. Sensing it, Bud follows her gaze. A beat, then...

BUD

It's okay. All they get is
Veronica Lake. I get Lynn
Margaret Bracken.

Lynn looks back over, relaxes. He's read her mind. Bud changes the subject by picking up a pillow. A tassled job with a cactus and an embroidered Bisbee, Arizona.

BUD

Bisbee?

LYNN

I grew up there.

(a beat)

Couple years I'm going back and
open a dress shop. The girls in
Bisbee need a little glamour.

Bud looks back to the pillow. He smiles, then starts to laugh.

LYNN

What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

151

CONTINUED:

151

BUD

Bisbee. It's almost as bad as
Wendell.

They share a laugh.

LYNN

Nothing wrong with Wendell.
Nothing wrong with Bisbee either.

(CONTINUED)

151

CONTINUED:

151

Lynn's tracing finger stops at a white star. *

LYNN

Where'd this come from?

BUD

When I was twelve my old man went
after my mother with a bottle.
I got in the way. *

LYNN

So you saved her. *

BUD

Not for long. *

A bitter memory. *

LYNN

I'm sorry, Bud. It's -- *

BUD

He tied me to the radiator. I
watched him beat my mother to
death with a tire iron. He left
me there with her. Three days
till a truant officer found me.
They never found the old man. *

They look at each other a moment. Lynn reaches out, touches
his face. Bud starts to pull back, but then lets her do it.

LYNN

Is that why you became a cop,
Bud? To get even?

BUD

I don't know. Maybe.

LYNN

Do you like it?

BUD

I used to. Now it's all strong-
arm, sitting duck stuff.

Lynn waits, knows there's more.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (2)

151

BUD

There's something wrong with the Nite Owl. That prick Exley -- He shot the wrong guys. Whoever killed my partner is still out there.

Frustrated, Bud pokes at his own chest.

BUD

In here I know it. But I can't prove it. I'm not smart enough. I'm just the guy they bring in to scare the other guy shitless.

LYNN

You're wrong. You found Patchett. You found me. You're smart enough.

There's conviction in her voice and Bud hears it.

152 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

152

Exley stands in the trees as a PARK RANGER approaches.

PARK RANGER

I asked my men, Lieutenant. No one remembers any colored guys firing shotguns.

EXLEY

Then who phoned in the report?

PARK RANGER

Not us.

153 INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

153

Burgeoning with files and boxes of evidence. A size 16 facility in a size 8 dress. Ray Pinker looks up from his microscope as Bud enters.

*
*

PINKER

Bud White, what brings you down to the basement?

BUD

I got a few Nite Owl questions.

PINKER

I don't know if you read the papers, but that case is closed.

(CONTINUED)

153

CONTINUED:

153

BUD

Anything bother you about it?

Pinker gestures to a pile of evidence loaded in cardboard boxes and manila envelopes. All are marked Nite Owl with the case number.

PINKER

Yeah. The fact the pack-up boys haven't hauled this shit out of here yet.

Bud just stands there eyeing the evidence. Like a bad penny, he won't go away. Sighing, Pinker points at some photos on the pile. The top one is a blow-up of shell casings.

PINKER

I got three shotguns, taken from the suspects, which match the strike marks on the shell casings. What more do you want?

Pinker goes back to his microscope. Undaunted, Bud steps over to the pile of evidence, picks up the crime scene photos. Among them is one which includes the wall next to one of the tables. There is a small splatter.

BUD

I thought they all got shot in the men's room.

PINKER

It's Stensland's blood.

BUD

Stensland?

PINKER

He took a blow to the head. Was probably unconscious when they dragged him into the john.

BUD

Did they hit anyone else?

PINKER

No. But he was a cop. He probably jumped up or something.

Bud checks out the tables in the photo, looks close.

(CONTINUED)

153

CONTINUED: (2)

153

BUD

Grilled cheese. Stens liked
grilled cheese.

Bud points out there are two coffee cups on the table.

BUD

But someone was sitting with him.
Next to him... How many of the
victims were women?

PINKER

Two. Patty DeLuca, the late-shift
waitress and Susan Lefferts.

As Pinker watches impatiently, Bud looks back at the photo,
puts a finger on the table between the two coffee cups.

BUD

Sue Lefferts.

PINKER

What about her?

Bud doesn't answer. He's out the door.

154

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE (SAN BERNARDINO) - DAY

154

A shingle shack dump. Bud walks the front steps, rings
the bell. Hilda Lefferts answers. She doesn't look so
good.

BUD

Mrs. Lefferts, I'm Officer White
with the LAPD. I'd like to ask a
couple of questions.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Let my daughter rest in peace.

BUD

Five minutes. That's all.

155

INT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

155

Pictures of Susan smile down from four walls. Vamp poses on a nightclub floor. Mrs. Lefferts is all twitchy and nervous, her eyes darting to a closed door.

BUD

Tell me about the boyfriend she had. The one you mentioned at the coroner's office.

MRS. LEFFERTS

First I want to go on record as saying that my Susie was a virgin when she died.

BUD

Ma'am, I'm sure she was.

Mrs. Lefferts talks directly to a photo of her daughter.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Susie, I told you I didn't approve of that boyfriend. He was too old for you. You let him be fresh to me. They came here one day when I wasn't home. Old Mrs. Jensen next door saw Susan's boyfriend and another man and she heard a ruckus.

*
*
*
*

BUD

What was the boyfriend's name?

MRS. LEFFERTS

We were never properly introduced. Susan called him by a nickname. Muns or Lunts or something.

*

BUD

Stens? Was it Stens?

MRS. LEFFERTS

Maybe. I don't know.

BUD

Look at a picture for me.

Bud hands her Stensland's photo ID. She recognizes him.

*

MRS. LEFFERTS

That's him. That's him.

(CONTINUED)

155

CONTINUED:

155

BUD

You said a neighbor heard a
ruckus. Was it outside, inside?

MRS. LEFFERTS

Outside. Mrs. Jensen said they
kept going under the house.

*
*
*

Mrs. Lefferts' eyes go crazy, darting to a closed door.
Rolled towels are crammed against the bottom of it.

MRS. LEFFERTS

You'll have to leave now, Officer.

*

Bud starts for the closed door.

BUD

What's through here?

MRS. LEFFERTS

No! Please leave!

Bud kicks away the towels, opens the door, steps into...

156

INT. A DEN

156

Innocuous except for the smell. It hits Bud right off.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Don't mind the smell. I think a
rat died behind the wall...

*

Bud's eyes are on the floor.

*

MRS. LEFFERTS

My Susie was a good girl!

*

*

As Mrs. Lefferts goes shrill, Bud beelines out the door.

157

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY

157

Holding a flashlight, Bud crawls under the house, into...

158

INT. CRAWLSPACE

158

Bud elbow crawls over the dirt, between wood pilings.

(CONTINUED)

158

CONTINUED:

158

There's a long burlap sack up ahead. It smells bad. Bud rips burlap. A rat's nest explodes. Bud sweeps a forearm at them. As they clear, he sees a gristle-caked human skull staring back, a crack in the forehead.

Undaunted, Bud tears the burlap back further. He pats the corpse's pockets, comes up with a WALLET. Bud checks the ID. Leland Meeks. Bud knows him by that name and another.

BUD

Buzz Meeks... Holy shit.

159

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY

159

Bud crawls out, blinking sunlight and gulping fresh air. Mrs. Lefferts is there. She's scared.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Was it... a rat?

BUD

Yeah. A great big one.

Bud opens Meeks' wallet, pulls out a couple hundred bucks and gives them to Mrs. Lefferts.

BUD

Here. Compliments of the Los Angeles Police Department.

159A OMITTED

159A *

159B INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

159B *

Exley sits staring at the Medal of Valor he holds in his hand. It's time to decide. Finally, he does.

EXLEY

Absolute justice...

As Exley returns the medal to a drawer...

*
*
*
*

160

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - FORENSICS LAB - DAY 160

Two STOREROOM TYPES are loading boxes of Nite Owl evidence onto a dolly when Exley enters. Seeing Exley, Pinker gestures to the coroner's report he's holding.

*
*
*

PINKER

Stomach of the week from the autopsy room. Frankfurters with sauerkraut, french fries, Coca-Cola, alcohol and sperm. Jesus, what a last supper.

*
*

As Pinker chuckles, Exley isn't amused.

EXLEY

The Nite Owl. Anything bothering you about that case?

PINKER

Yeah. The fact that you guys won't let it get filed away.

EXLEY

What are you talking about?

PINKER

Bud White grilled me on it this morning. You know, he's not as dumb as I thought.

Exley's head swims.

EXLEY

You know where he was going after he talked to you?

161

EXT. LEFFERTS' HOUSE - DAY

161

Mrs. Lefferts waters the grass, watches as a car pulls up. Exley gets out, starts toward her. She drops the hose and runs for the front door. Exley cuts her off.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Let my Susie rest in peace!

EXLEY

Mrs. Lefferts, I just want to ask a few questions.

MRS. LEFFERTS

Officer White already checked under the house and found not a thing amiss.

*

(CONTINUED)

161

CONTINUED:

161

Reacting, Exley spots the entrance to the crawlspace.

MRS. LEFFERTS

All he found were rodents. No
signs of foul play. So there.

Exley hurries over, enters nearly flat on his belly.
Mrs. Lefferts calls in after him.

MRS. LEFFERTS

My daughter was a virgin!

EXLEY'S VOICE

I don't doubt it -- Oh God.

162

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

162

Exley walks alongside as a body bag is wheeled into the
autopsy room atop a gurney. The Coroner steps over.

EXLEY

I need an ID ASAP. You talk only
to me on this one.

162A

OMITTED

162A *

163

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - NARCO PEN - DAY

163 *

Jack sits brooding at his desk. The corkboard is bare.
Jack barely notices as Exley steps up.

EXLEY

Vincennes, I need your help with
something.

JACK

I'm kind of busy right now,
lieutenant. Take it up with one
of your boys in Homicide.

EXLEY

I can't. I need someone outside
of Homicide. I want you to follow
Bud White. Until he goes on
duty tonight.

JACK

Even I'm not that crazy.

(CONTINUED)

163

CONTINUED:

163

EXLEY

Word from the Chief's office is
the D.A. wants you suspended. Do
this and I'll put in a good word
for you.

JACK

Do me a real favor. Leave me
alone.

EXLEY

Listen, I think I made a mistake.

JACK

(stands to go)

I ain't a priest, Lieutenant. I
can't hear your confession.

EXLEY

Do you make the three Negroes for
the Nite Owl killings?

JACK

What?

EXLEY

It's a simple question.

JACK

You should be the last person who
wants to dig any deeper into the
Nite Owl, Lieutenant.

Exley watches as Jack starts away. Then:

EXLEY

Rollo Tomasi.

Jack stops, looks back at him.

JACK

Is there more to that, or do I
have to guess?

(CONTINUED)

163

CONTINUED: (2)

163

EXLEY

Rollo was a purse snatcher. My father ran into him off duty. He shot my father six times and got away clean. No one even knew who he was. I made the name up to give him some personality.

JACK

So what's the point?

EXLEY

Rollo Tomasi is the reason I became a cop. I wanted to catch the guys who thought they could get away with it. It was supposed to be about justice. But somewhere along the way I lost that... How about you, Jack? Why'd you become a cop?

*

*

*

Jack looks like he might cry, but smiles instead.

JACK

I don't remember...

Both men are quiet a moment.

JACK

I'm trying to figure what angle you're playing this time, but I sure as hell can't see one.

EXLEY

I've given up angles for awhile. I just want to solve this thing.

JACK

The Nite Owl was solved, Lieutenant.

EXLEY

I want to do it right.

JACK

Even if you pay the consequences?

Exley nods. Jack looks at him a beat.

*

*

JACK

Okay, college boy, I'll help you. But I want help on a homicide case. Deal?

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (3)

163

EXLEY

Deal.

Jack nods. They're partners.

*
*
*

164 EXT. THE FORMOSA - DAY

164

A Packard pulls up out front. Bud gets out, heads inside. Another car pulls up across the street.

165 CLOSE ON JACK

165

Watching Bud. Jack gets out, starts across the street.

166 INT. THE FORMOSA - THE BAR - DAY

166

At the bar, Johnny Stompanato looks over as Bud joins him. Stompanato isn't happy about it, but he smiles anyway.

STOMPANATO

Wendell White, how's tricks,
paesano?

BUD

I ain't your paesano, you wop
cocksucker.

Nervous, Johnny taps his pinkie ring on a bottle of beer.

STOMPANATO

What do you want, Officer?

BUD

You remember an ex-cop named Buzz
Meeks? He works for a guy named
Patchett.

Johnny taps his ring harder. The bottle almost tips.

STOMPANATO

Should I?

BUD

His file listed you as a known
associate. Now spill.

(CONTINUED)

166

CONTINUED:

166

STOMPANATO

Oh yeah. That was a long time ago. Before your day. The last few years he's been muscle for hire. But I heard he's disappeared.

BUD

More.

STOMPANATO

More's gonna cost you.

Bud's hand flashes out, grabs Stompanato by the crotch.

BUD

How 'bout I give you your balls back?

STOMPANATO

(in considerable pain)

There was a rumor going around that Meeks had a line on Mickey's missing heroin.

*
*
*

BUD

Bullshit. He was a two-bit ex-cop.

*

STOMPANATO

I'm just telling you what I heard. Meeks knew something.

*
*

Bud loosens his grip. Stompanato gasps for air.

167 INT. THE DOOR (THE FORMOSA) - DAY

167

Jack peeks in, catches a glimpse of Bud and Stompanato. Too far away to hear anything, Jack quickly ducks out.

168 INT. THE BAR (THE FORMOSA) - DAY

168

Stompanato's recovering.

STOMPANATO

If Meeks got the horse, he's probably in Rio or someplace like that by now.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

168

CONTINUED:

168

BUD

He's under a house in Silverlake.
And he don't smell too good.
What happened to the heroin,
Johnny?

*
*

STOMPANATO

I don't know. I swear it!

Bud starts to raise a hand. Stompanato cringes, but Bud just slaps a twenty down on the bar and goes.

169

EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DUSK

169

Jack pulls up, sees Bud knock on the front door. It opens and Bud steps in. Jack doesn't see who opens it.

170

EXT. BUSHES - OUTSIDE 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - NIGHT

170

Leaves rustle. There's movement in the underbrush. Jack appears, followed by Exley. Jack pulls a gun as they near a window. They talk in hushed whispers.

EXLEY

What's that for?

JACK

Bud White. He sees us and we're dead.

They press up to the glass for a partial view. Bud White sits on a footstool massaging a pair of women's feet. Jack and Exley exchange a long, curious look. This isn't the Bud White they're used to. A pair of women's hands take Bud, the arms covered in glitter and satin.

The woman, Lynn Bracken, leans forward to kiss her policeman. It may have been a long day, but she's every inch Veronica Lake. Only the hair's not over her eye.

They stand, kiss again. Lynn's gown spills down around her ankles. Bud scoops Lynn into his arms and the two of them disappear up the stairs. A long beat before...

JACK

Jesus... Maybe White's not so dumb after all.

170A EXT. CARS - A BLOCK FROM 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - NIGHT 170A *

Exley and Jack arrive at their cars. *

EXLEY *

Rita Hayworth at the morgue and
now Veronica Lake with White.
What the hell's going on? *

JACK

I'm not sure, but I think your
case and my case are connected.
It's Fleur-de-Lis again.

EXLEY

Fleur-de-Lis?

JACK

"Whatever you desire." Porno,
high line whores with plastic
surgery to look like movie stars.
Who knows what else? Reynolds,
the kid who was killed, was
involved. So's Pierce Patchett.

EXLEY

Pierce Patchett the millionaire?

JACK

(nods)

I think we should go talk to him.

EXLEY

First I want to brace Stompanato.

171 OMITTED 171 *

172 INT. THE FORMOSA - NIGHT 172

Exley and Jack enter, scan. There's Stompanato with a
girl who looks amazingly like "LANA TURNER." Engrossed,
Stompanato doesn't look up till Exley's nearly on top of
him. Jack follows. *

STOMPANATO

Hey, you want an autograph, write
to M-G-M.

EXLEY

Since when do two-bit hoods and
hookers give out autographs?

(CONTINUED)

172

CONTINUED: (A1)

172

STOMPANATO

What?

As Stompanato stands, Exley flashes his badge. Jack
takes a look at "Lana," whose back is to them.

*
*

EXLEY

LAPD. Sit down.

"LANA"

Who in the hell do you think you
are?

JACK

Ed --

*
*

EXLEY

(to "Lana")

Take a walk, honey, before I haul
your ass downtown.

*

"LANA"

WHO IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU
ARE?!

JACK

Ed --

*
*

EXLEY

Just a minute, Jack.

*
*

STOMPANATO

You are making a large mistake.

Lana tosses a drink in Exley's face...

*

"LANA"

Get away from our table!

EXLEY

(grabs her wrist)

Shut up. Being cut to look like
Lana Turner doesn't mean you are
Lana Turner.

Jack pulls him aside.

JACK

She is Lana Turner.

EXLEY

What?

JACK

She is Lana Turner.

173

EXT. THE FORMOSA - NIGHT

173

Grim, Exley and Jack exit, cross the street. Finally...

EXLEY

How was I supposed to know?

A moment before Jack starts to laugh. Exley joins him.

ED

Come on. We'll take my car.

*
*

174

EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - NIGHT

174

Exley's Plymouth is parked on the street.

175

INT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - LIBRARY - NIGHT

175 *

In a silk robe, the unflappable Pierce Patchett smiles at Exley. Jack stands alongside.

PATCHETT

I believe the Nite Owl's your area of expertise, Mr. Exley. I saw you on television getting your medal.

(turns to Jack)

And you're that other celebrity Hollywood policeman, aren't you?

A beat. Exley and Jack don't appreciate being joked with.

EXLEY

The Veronica Lake look-alike works for you. She's one of your whores, correct?

PATCHETT

That's a vulgar term.

EXLEY

Why's she seeing Bud White?

PATCHETT

Why do men and women usually see each other?

JACK

How about Fleur-de-lis? An actor named Matt Reynolds?

Patchett frowns at Jack like he's speaking Chinese.

EXLEY

We want some answers, Patchett.

PATCHETT

(unfazed)

Then try talking to my lawyer. Good evening, gentlemen.

176

EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - NIGHT

176

Exley and Jack head for the car.

JACK

Guy's as cool as they come.

A call crackles in over Exley's radio. Exley picks up.

(CONTINUED)

176

CONTINUED: (A1)

176

EXLEY

This is Exley.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

The Coroner wants to talk to you,
Lieutenant. Says he has your ID.

EXLEY

Tell him Sergeant Vincennes is
coming in to talk to him.

(to Jack)

I'll drop you at your car.

*
*
*

JACK

What are you going to do?

EXLEY

I'm going to Lynn Bracken's. I'll
meet you at the Frolic Room.

*

JACK

Great. You get the girl; I get
the coroner.

177

INT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - LIBRARY - NIGHT

177

Watching Exley and Vincennes from the window, Patchett
picks up the phone.

HUDGEONS' VOICE

(over phone)

Hush-Hush. Off the record and on
the QT.

178

INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

178

Knocking on the door. Lynn answers to reveal Exley.

EXLEY

Miss Bracken, I'm Lieutenant
Exley.

LYNN

I know who you are. Bud told me
all about you.

EXLEY

Is that so? What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

178

CONTINUED: (A1)

178

LYNN

He said you were smart. He also
said you were a coward. That
you'd screw yourself to get ahead.

Exley lets it pass. As he enters...

EXLEY

Let's concentrate on my smarts.
Pierce Patchett made you, didn't
he? He taught you how to dress
and talk and think, and I am very
impressed with the results. But I
need some answers and if I don't
get them, I'm going to take you
and Patchett down.

(CONTINUED)

LYNN

Pierce Patchett can take care of himself and I'm not afraid of you. And you forget one thing, Lieutenant. Pierce also taught me how to fuck.

EXLEY

And he tells you who to fuck. Why does he have you fucking Bud White?

LYNN

What makes you think I'm not fucking Bud because I want to?

Exley scoffs.

LYNN

It would be easier for you if there was an angle, wouldn't it? You're afraid of Bud because you can't figure how to play him. He doesn't follow the same rules of politics as you do. It makes him dangerous.

EXLEY

I can handle Bud White.

LYNN

Can you? I see Bud because I want to. I see Bud because he can't hide the warmth he has inside him.

EXLEY

I'll take your word for it.

LYNN

I see Bud because he makes me feel like Lynn Bracken and not some Veronica Lake look-alike who fucks for money. I see Bud because he doesn't know how to disguise who he is. I see him for all the ways he's different than you.

Exley stews.

EXLEY

Don't underestimate me, Miss Bracken.

(CONTINUED)

178

CONTINUED: (2)

178

LYNN

The way you've underestimated Bud White?

Exley's had it. A menacing step forward. Lynn's smile becomes a laugh. Lost to himself, Exley leans in and kisses her. Lynn pulls back.

LYNN

Fucking me and fucking Bud aren't the same thing you know.

EXLEY

Stop talking about Bud White.

He kisses her again. She kisses back. In a beat they're rolling to the floor shedding clothes. As they trash the furniture, Lynn looks over his shoulder at her reflection in a closet door mirror. Or is she looking past that?

179

INT. CLOSET

179

Behind two-way glass. Sid Hudgeons is in here snapping pictures. As Lynn and Exley continue with their frantic lovemaking...

180

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

180

The Coroner rubs his tired eyes.

CORONER

God bless dental records. Stiff used to be a cop. Leland Meeks.

JACK

Buzz Meeks?

CORONER

You knew him?

JACK

Of him. He was around when I first joined the force. A bad egg.

The Coroner couldn't could care less. As Jack's wheels turn...

181

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

181

Jack looks up from a personnel file as a female CLERK approaches.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

181

CONTINUED:

181

CLERK

Anything else, sergeant?

JACK

Leland Meeks worked Ad Vice from
'39 to '41. Let me see his
arrest records.

*
*
*
*
*

182 OMITTED

182 *

183 INT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN'S) - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

183

Spent, Exley and Lynn sit half-dressed on the floor.
They're quiet. Then, through a smile:

EXLEY

How was I?

LYNN

Oh, the best I ever had.
Absolutely the best.

EXLEY

(laughs)

You sound like you mean it.

LYNN

The silver screen's loss is your
gain.

EXLEY

What about Lynn Bracken?

LYNN

Is she going to be a hooker all
her life?

EXLEY

Something like that.

LYNN

I came out here with a dream. I
settled for a reality.

EXLEY

Some reality.

LYNN

This is the means to the reality.
But I'm not going to tell you what
that is.

EXLEY

Why not?

LYNN

Because you'd use it against me.
Wouldn't you?

(CONTINUED)

183

CONTINUED:

183

Exley doesn't answer, but the answer is yes. Lynn smiles.

LYNN

Like recognizes like. You're tougher than Bud thinks you are.

EXLEY

(smiles)

You're the first person to ever call me tough.

LYNN

I'm also the first person to call Bud White smart.

As Exley considers this...

184

INT. CLOSET

184

Exasperated that he's still stuck in here, Sid Hudgeons checks his watch, shakes his head in disgust.

184A

INT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT

184A

At the bar, Jack checks his watch, looks to the door.

JACK

Come on, Exley. Where are you?

Deciding, Jack gets up to go.

184B

EXT. FROLIC ROOM - NIGHT

184B

Jack exits, heads for his car. Hold on the marquee at the Pantages.

185

EXT. 9608 VENDOME, SILVERLAKE (DUDLEY'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

185

Jack knocks at a darkened house. The porch light comes on. The door opens to reveal Dudley Smith in his bathrobe.

DUDLEY

John Vincennes. It's nearly, midnight, lad.

*
*

JACK

Two minutes, Dudley. It's important.

(CONTINUED)

185

CONTINUED:

185

DUDLEY

Lucky for you that my wife and
four fair daughters are at the
beach in Santa Barbara.

186

INT. 9608 VENDOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

186

Jack sits at the table. Dudley reheats coffee at the
stove.

*
*

JACK

You remember Buzz Meeks, Dudley?

DUDLEY

He was unfit to be a policeman.
Straight D fitness reports from
every C.O. he ever served under.
What about him?

*

JACK

Twelve years ago he worked a vice
roust with Dick Stensland. They
questioned Pierce Patchett on a
blackmail scam. Patchett had Sid
Hudgeons photographing prominent
businessmen with hookers. Charges
got dropped. Insufficient
evidence. You were supervising
officer on the case and I was
wondering if you remember anything
about it?

*

DUDLEY

What's this all about, lad?

*

JACK

Part of it has to do with a
murder. I've been working with Ed
Exley on it.

DUDLEY

You're Narco, Lad, not Homicide.
And since when do you work with
Edmund?

JACK

It's a private investigation. I
fucked something up and I want to
make amends.

(CONTINUED).

186

CONTINUED:

186

DUDLEY

(smiles, then...)

Don't start trying to do the right thing, John. You haven't had enough practice.

Dudley walks over, hands Jack his coffee.

DUDLEY

Buzz Meeks and Dick Stensland.
What does Exley make of it all?

*
*

JACK

I haven't told him. I came
straight from the records room.

*
*
*
*

Without warning, Dudley raises a revolver. He fires it at point blank range right into Jack's heart. Jack hits the floor, his cheek pressed flat on the linoleum.

Jack opens his mouth to speak. His lips form the words, but no sound comes out. Dudley crouches down beside him.

DUDLEY

Have you a valediction, lad?

Dudley leans low, gives Jack an ear. As he dies...

JACK

Rollo Tomasi. He knows.

*

Dudley frowns in ignorance at the name.

187

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

187

Nothing mobilizes the police like losing one of their own. Dudley is at the podium along with Exley. Dozens of detectives take notes including Bud White.

DUDLEY

Sgt. Vincennes was killed by a single .38 round to the heart. Although he was found in Echo Park, preliminary forensics indicate the body may have been moved. I want two man teams to scour the area. That means knocking on every door. Jack was one of our own, gentlemen. We cannot tolerate it. Justice must be swift and merciless. That's all.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

187

CONTINUED:

187

As the men move off, Dudley approaches Exley.

DUDLEY

Edmund, a word with you. We're trying to get a lead on an associate of Vincennes. A records check has reached a dead end.

*
*
*
*
*

EXLEY

What's the name?

*
*

DUDLEY

Rollo Tomasi.

*
*

Exley tries to look like he's thinking as Jack calls from the grave. Screaming the name DUDLEY!

DUDLEY

Have you ever heard Vincennes mention him?

*
*
*

EXLEY

No. No I haven't.

*

DUDLEY

It may be nothing, but keep your ears open.

*
*

As Dudley moves off, Exley watches him go. Scared.

188

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - BUD'S DESK - DAY

188

Bud looks over as Dudley sits down across from him.

DUDLEY

You're perplexing to me these days, Wendell. You're not your old cruel self anymore. And I had plans for your future. I need proof that they still remain within your grasp.

*
*
*

BUD

What plans?

*

DUDLEY

I've long been involved in containing hard crime in such a way that I and a few colleagues might someday enjoy a profit dispensation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

188

CONTINUED:

188

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

That day will soon be here and
you'll share handsomely. Imagine
the police in control and extrapolate
from there. It's big, lad.

*
*
*

BUD

Talk straight, Dudley. You lost me.

*

DUDLEY

You have your extracurricular
secrets; I have mine. We'll hold
a clarification session soon. For
now, I need your fearsome old
habits at the Victory Motel.
We're going to brace a man who may
know who killed Jack Vincennes.
Can I count on you?

BUD

Sure, boss. Sure you can.

189

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

189

The Coroner looks up as Exley enters.

(CONTINUED)

189

CONTINUED:

189

EXLEY

I want to know what you and Jack Vincennes talked about last night. Anything and everything. Start with the ID on the corpse.

A put-upon Coroner sighs.

CORONER

An ex-cop. Leland 'Buzz' Meeks.

Exley's wheels are turning.

EXLEY

We got Stensland, ex-cop, dead at the Nite Owl with a girl who looks like Rita Hayworth. Another ex-cop, dead under the house of Rita's mother. Not a good week for ex-cops.

CORONER

I got Vincennes in the next room. It's not a good week for cops in general.

190

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - DAY

190

A rain storm has turned the courtyard into a mud bath. As usual a light burns in Room 5. Bud White parks alongside the other cars already there. He makes a dash for the door.

*

191

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - DAY

191 *

Sid Hudgeons is cuffed to the hot seat. Dudley sits across from him. Dudley's henchman Breuning looms. Bud enters.

DUDLEY

This is Mr. Hudgeons, Wendell.

HUDGEONS

I'm happy to cooperate. You don't need to tie me down.

DUDLEY

It's for your own safety. Now what can you tell us about Sergeant John Vincennes?

(CONTINUED)

191

CONTINUED:

191

HUDGEONS

Hollywood Jack. The Big V. I can
tell you he's on the Night Train
to the big adios.

*

Breuning cuffs Hudgeons on the side of the head.

HUDGEONS

Take it easy! I didn't have
anything to do with him getting
killed if that's what you mean.

DUDLEY

But you were business associates?

HUDGEONS

What does that have to do --

Breuning cuffs him again.

HUDGEONS

Okay so we worked together. It
was an information exchange. I
got him first class collars and he
got me good stories. We were
friends for Chrissakes!

DUDLEY

Alright. We'll drop that line for
now. Next topic. Please comment
on Pierce Patchett.

Bud looks over at mention of the name.

HUDGEONS

You think he had something to do
with Vincennes getting iced?

Dudley sighs, looks to Bud.

DUDLEY

Wendell. I want full and docile
cooperation on all topics.

Hudgeons flinches as Bud steps up, twice Breuning's size.

HUDGEONS

Okay. Okay. Everyone knows
Patchett's worth a boatload of
greenbacks. From aviation,
freeway construction. But the man
has hobbies, too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

191

CONTINUED: (2)

191

HUDGEONS (CONT'D)

He bankrolls B movies under the table. And try this on: he's rumored to be a periodic heroin sniffer. All in all, a powerful behind-the-scenes strange-o.

DUDLEY

And?

HUDGEONS

And what?

Bud digs a fist into Hudgeon's gut. As Hudgeons gasps to get his breath back.

DUDLEY

Reciprocity, Mr. Hudgeons, is the key to all relationships.

HUDGEONS

He runs call girls. Primo tail. Fixed up like movie stars.

Bud looms, rests his hands on the back of Hudgeons' chair. He doesn't like where this is going.

DUDLEY

And?

HUDGEONS

In my car. Blackmail shit. The trunk under the carpet. Patchett got me to photograph a cop fucking this gorgeous piece of tail Lynn, looks just like Veronicaaa --

*

Wooden slats pop as Bud tears the bolted chair right out of the floor. Hudgeons and the chair land sideways leaving a hole behind in the floor.

DUDLEY

Wendell!

Bud can't hear him. He uprights the chair one-handed. As his fist cocks back, he's restrained by Breuning and Dudley. This is no act. They can barely hold Bud back.

HUDGEONS

Get him away from me!

Bud breaks free, heads outside.

192

EXT. HUDGEONS' CAR - VICTORY MOTEL - DAY

192

Bud jams a tire iron into the trunk seam and pops it with a ferocious yank. He tears at the carpeting. A manila envelope. Bud rips it open and 8X10 glosses of Exley and Lynn spill out. Raindrops dot them, as Bud's in his Packard and tearing out of there.

193

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - DAY

193

Dudley and Breuning watch from the door.

DUDLEY

I wouldn't trade places with
Edmund Exley right now for all the
tea in China.

Breuning laughs. So does Hudgeons.

HUDGEONS

Dudley, I thought you were gonna
let the dumb bastard kill me.

(to Breuning)

And you! Learn to pull those
punches a little better.

Dudley and Breuning stare at him. A bit grimly.

HUDGEONS

You can uncuff me now, fellas.

But no one moves to do so.

HUDGEONS

Fellas?

(nervous)

We had a deal. You, me and
Patchett. We're a team!

(scared)

Come on, we're friends. We're --

As Hudgeons protests, Dudley slaps a hand over his mouth.

DUDLEY

Hush-hush...

As Breuning moves in...

194

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - RECORDS ROOM - DAY

194

Exley watches as a wormish CLERK searches dusty filing
cabinets filled with Arrest Records dating from the late
thirties to the early forties. She looks up.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED:

194

EXLEY

So Meeks made no arrests from
1939 to '41?

*
*
*

CLERK

Someone must've pulled the
files.

Exley ponders the implications.

EXLEY

I want to look at the old duty
rosters.

*
*

CLERK

The duty rosters?

EXLEY

Show me where they are.

195

EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

195

Blue, Lynn sits on her porch watching the rain come down.
A screeching on the wet street as Bud's Packard pulls up.
She watches as he get out and starts for the house. Lynn
stands, holds her arms out. Bud stops short on the
steps, out of reach, the rain soaking him.

BUD

Did you talk to Exley?

LYNN

Come in out of the rain. In the
morning we'll have both our
stories for breakfast.

Lightning flashes. Bud shakes his head.

BUD

I want to know about Exley.

LYNN

He's the opposite of you. He's
more like me. Cold, calculating.

(CONTINUED)

195

CONTINUED:

195

BUD

How'd you get to know so much
about him?

More lightning. Lynn looks god-awful sad.

LYNN

Come in out of the rain, Bud.

BUD

You gonna tell me what happened
with you and Exley?

LYNN

We talked.

BUD

So tell me about it.

LYNN

(looking away)

In the morning.

BUD

No. Now.

(a beat)

You fucked him.

Too tired to lie anymore, Lynn finally just nods.

LYNN

I thought I was helping you. I
thought --

Bud backhands her hard. Lynn faces straight into the next one as Bud hits her again. A third time as the sins of the father are visited on the son. Bud stops short as the self-realization slams home. Lynn waits stoically. She doesn't start crying till Bud turns and runs back into the rain.

196

INT. CITY HALL DETECTIVE BUREAU - RECORDS ROOM - DAY

196

Drawers are open. Files are everywhere. Exley flips through old duty rosters. Sign out sheets on patrol cars. On July 27, 1938 Dick Stensland in car 6. Exley slides a finger over to the name of his partner that day: Leland Meeks! Listed on top, the watch commander: Sgt. Dudley Smith! Exley ripples through the following weeks. The three names linked together time after time.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED:

196

Exley looks up at the sound of footsteps and Bud is there quietly looking across at Exley.

EXLEY

White. I'm glad you're here...

Bud holds it up for Exley to see, a crumpled glossy of him and Lynn. Only now does Bud's fury show through. He moves in. Exley's boxed in by files.

EXLEY

Wait --

Bud's slams Exley, knocks him flat. He's here to kill him. He hauls Exley up, pummels him, then throws him over a table. The WOMAN FILE CLERK jumps up, flees out the door. Bud and Exley ricochet down the narrow aisle of file cabinets, then hit the floor. Bud tries to shove the photo down a gagging Exley's throat.

*
*
*

Exley's flailing hand finds Bud's .38. Yanking it from his waistband, Exley smashes Bud in the forehead. Bud reels, drops the photos. Blind with rage he moves back in only to have the barrel of the .38 placed between his eyes.

EXLEY

Listen to me. Dudley killed Jack. He --'

(re: photo)

Dudley showed you that, didn't he? Didn't he?

Bud slaps the gun away, drops Exley to the ground. He begins slamming his head into the floor.

EXLEY

He wanted you to kill me. Think goddamn you! Dudley...

*

Exley's almost out. But maybe Bud heard him. The attack slows, switches gears as Bud releases Exley and takes his rage out by knocking over several filing cabinets.

*
*

Exley stays conscious, looks on as Bud masters himself. The door opens revealing two detectives and the woman file clerk.

*
*
*

BUD

Stay the fuck out of here!

*
*

The door closes. Bud's eyes are on the photos of Lynn on the floor.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED: (1A)

196

BUD

Dudley. Dudley set me up.

*
*

EXLEY

I checked the duty rosters.
Dudley and Meeks and Stensland
go way back.

*

Things begin to click for Bud.

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED: (2)

196

BUD

I knew Stensland lied to me.
Lefferts' mother IDed Stensland
as Lefferts' boyfriend, but Stens
pretended he didn't know her or
Meeks the night I met Lynn.

EXLEY

(sitting up)

Stensland and Meeks. What were
they up to?

BUD

Two man triggers knocking off Mickey
Cohen lieutenants. Stensland and
Buzz Meeks.

EXLEY

When they killed Deuce Perkins,
they got twenty-five pounds of
heroin as a bonus.

BUD

Then something goes wrong. Meeks
gets killed. Maybe Stens got
greedy, killed Meeks and left him
under his girlfriend's house.

(a beat)

The night he died, Stens said he
had a hot date.

EXLEY

The Nite Owl! Stensland was going
there to sell the heroin.

BUD

But then something goes really
wrong. Somebody knew about it.

EXLEY

It wasn't the Negroes. The
Griffith Park report was a phony.
The first guys to the maroon Merc
were Breuning and Carlisle.

*

BUD

Dudley's guys.

EXLEY

They didn't find the shotguns.
They planted them.

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED: (3)

196

A beat as the magnitude of it all begins to sink in.

EXLEY

Somehow it's all connected to
Jack's angle. Sid Hudgeons.
Pictures to blackmail Ellis Loew.
A kid got murdered. If we're
going to figure this out, Bud,
we need to work together.

*
*
*
*
*

Bud takes one last look at the photo, decides. Reaching
out a hand, he pulls Exley to his feet.

*
*

BUD

Let's go see the D.A., find out
what he knows.

*
*
*

197

INT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BLDG. - D.A.'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 197

A SECRETARY looks up as Bud and Exley beeline Loew's door.

SECRETARY

You can't go in there!

198

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

198

Loew looks up as they burst in.

SECRETARY

Do you want me to call the police,
Mr. Loew?

EXLEY

Ask for Captain Dudley Smith.
We'll have a party. Hot dogs and
sauerkraut.

A beat as Loew considers his options.

LOEW

It's okay. These are police.
(as she leaves)
What do you want?

EXLEY

I want D.A. bureau men to tail
Dudley Smith and Pierce Patchett
twenty-four hours a day; I want
you to get a judge to authorize
wire taps on their home phones; I
want authorization to check their
bank records and I want it all in
an hour.

(CONTINUED)

198

CONTINUED:

198

LOEW

On what evidence?

EXLEY

None. Call it a hunch.

LOEW

(incredulous)

Absolutely not. Dudley Smith is a highly decorated member of this city's police department. I won't smear his and Pierce Patchett's names without --

*

EXLEY

Without what, them smearing yours first? What do they have on you, Loew? Pictures of you and an out of work actor with your pants down?

LOEW

Do you have any proof?

EXLEY

The proof had his throat slit.
(a beat)
So far you're not denying it.

LOEW

I'm not going to dignify you with answers. If you'll excuse me, I've got a Jack Vincennes press conference to prepare for.

Loew enters his bathroom. Bud looks to Exley who nods:
GO.

199

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

199

Loew is at the mirror clipping a few stray nose hairs.
Bud enters full of menace followed by Exley.

LOEW

Unless you're here to wipe my ass,
I think we're through.

Bud just glares at him. Loew shakes his head.

LOEW

Don't try this good cop/bad cop
crap with me. I practically
invented it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

199

CONTINUED:

199

LOEW (CONT'D)

And so what if some homo actor is
dead. Boys, girls, ten of them
step off the bus to L.A. every
day.

The mirror spiderwebs as Bud slams Loew's face into it.
Bud swings him around, forces him forward and shoves his
head in the toilet. He holds it there, finally lets Loew
up for breath. Then backhands: one, two, three.

BUD

Pierce Patchett. Dudley Smith.
Spill.

LOEW

Call him off, Exley!

EXLEY

I don't know how.

More backhands. Holding Loew by the scruff of the neck,
Bud marches him past Exley and back into the...

200

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE

200 *

Bud heaves up the window, practically throws Loew through
it. Loew catches hold of the window framing. Bud
hammers his hands loose with a fist and pushes him
through.

201

EXT. OFFICE WINDOW

201

Bud holds his leg. Loew screams as coins, comb and
wallet spill from his pockets, plummet toward the street
below.

202

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

202

Bud shakes Loew, could drop him at any time.

EXLEY

Bud...

BUD

You think you're the A-number-one
fucking hotshot. Well here's the
juice, shitbird. If I let you go,
there'll be ten more lawyers to
take your place tomorrow. They
just won't come on the bus, that's
all. They'll slither down from the
hills and crawl up from the sewers
like you did.

*
*
*

*
*
*

203

EXT. OFFICE WINDOW

203

We hear Loew's pant leg tearing loose.

LOEW

Okay! Okay! Pierce Patchett and Dudley! I wouldn't play ball so they hatched this blackmail scheme to destroy me. I capitulated. The kid heard everything and so they killed him.

EXLEY

Why? What are Patchett and Dudley up to?

More tearing. Loew's life may depend on the answer.

LOEW

They're taking over Mickey Cohen's rackets. Because of those pictures I won't be able to prosecute. Oh Jesus, pull me up!

204

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

204

Exley helps pull Loew back inside. Bud dumps him on the floor. Bruised and bloodied, Loew looks up at Exley.

LOEW

Patchett and Dudley have everyone under their thumb. Not just me, but City Councilmen, the Chief of Police, everybody!

Exley pulls his .38, shoves it into the side of Loew's neck.

EXLEY

Not everybody. You tip them off and Officer White visits you alone next time.

Loew looks at Bud, nods, his face a bloody mess.

204A

EXT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

204A

Exley and Bud head down the street.

BUD

Let's just kill them.

EXLEY

What?

(CONTINUED)

204A CONTINUED:

204A

BUD

I've been trying to be smart. A detective. But killing those two fuckers, that would be justice. For Jack, for Stensland, for anybody else who got in the way.

EXLEY

Stay smart, Bud. We build a case. We play by the rules.

BUD

There are no rules! Why the fuck are you doing this? The Nite Owl made you. You want to tear all that down?

EXLEY

With a wrecking ball. You want to help me swing it?

Bud smiles. For a second he likes Exley.

205 EXT. 416 DUNDEE DRIVE (PATCHETT'S) - DAY

205

Exley and Bud make their way up the walk. Bud pulls his .38 from its shoulder holster, shoves it in his waistband.

EXLEY

You expecting problems?

(CONTINUED)

205

CONTINUED:

205

BUD

Patchett uses lots of ex-cop
muscle.

Exley rings the buzzer. They wait. Looking back, Bud
sees a pitching wedge and pile of golf balls abandoned
in the grass. Bud's eyes narrow at the sight. Not like
Patchett at all.

*

*

BUD

Come on.

And Bud shoulders the heavy door right off its hinges.

206

INT. HALLWAY (416 DUNDEE DRIVE) - DAY

206

Bud draws his .38 as he strides in. Exley tries to keep
up.

EXLEY

(a screaming whisper)

What?

Double doors on the left open into a library. Ahead, a
man sits in a chair, his back to us. Patchett?

207

INT. LIBRARY (416 DUNDEE DRIVE) - DAY

207

Bud enters, slowly lowers his gun. Exley steps up beside
him. Patchett's arms hang limply at his sides, a pool of
blood under each. His wrists have been slit, but even in
death there's something elegant about him.

EXLEY

Doesn't look like his ex-cop did
him much good.

After exchanging a look, Bud checks the body while Exley
heads for a desk on which rests a typed sheet of paper.

Bud checks Patchett's right hand, the knuckles are split,
two of the fingers badly distended.

EXLEY

It's a suicide note. Says he
killed Jack because Jack had
figured out a pornography scam
Patchett was running.

BUD

Slicing himself open wasn't his
idea. Two of his fingers are
broken.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

207

CONTINUED:

207

EXLEY

Jesus. To bleed to death. They
must have held him here.

*

*

*

*

BUD

Or tied him.

EXLEY

I'd say Dudley's tying up his
loose ends. Patchett's dead...
He sent you after me.

*

*

*

BUD

(it hits him)

Lynn.

Bud dashes to the phone, dials. It rings. No one
answers.

EXLEY

I got a guy who owes me in the
Sheriff's department. West
Hollywood Station. He can be at
her house in two minutes.

Bud shoves the phone into his hand.

BUD

Call him.

208

EXT. 1736 WILCOX (LYNN BRACKEN'S) - DAY

208

A County Sheriff's unmarked parked out front. A DEPUTY
behind the wheel. Exley's Plymouth pulls up behind. The
Deputy gets out. MOVE WITH him as he steps back to Exley
who's rolling down his window.

EXLEY

Is she inside?

DEPUTY

We took her to the station for
safekeeping. Someone worked
her over pretty good. She
wouldn't say who.

Exley looks at Bud. Bud looks down in shame.

(CONTINUED)

208

CONTINUED:

208

EXLEY

Hold her as Joan Smith. No one
sees her unless I okay it.

DEPUTY

You got it, Exley. And now we're
even.

As the Deputy moves off.

EXLEY

We should talk to Lynn.

Bud just stares at him a beat.

EXLEY

You want to talk to her?

Bud looks away, shakes his head no.' Finally...

BUD

You do it.

EXLEY

What are you going to do?

BUD

I'm going to pay a visit to Sid
Hudgeons. Compliment him on his
performance at the Victory Motel.
Just about now he should be
putting the finishing touches on
his "Cop Kills Cop over Hooker"
story.

*

EXLEY

Remember, Bud, we need evidence.

BUD

I'll get the evidence.

209

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STATION - TWILIGHT

209 *

Lynn looks up as Exley enters. Her face is puffy,
swollen.

LYNN

(dry)

If I knew you were coming I'd have
baked a cake.

(CONTINUED)

209

CONTINUED:

209

EXLEY

Forget everything else for a second, Lynn. Is there anything you can give me on Dudley Smith?

A blank look from her.

EXLEY

He's a police captain. In business with Patchett.

LYNN

(shakes her head)

I never heard of him.

EXLEY

Okay. Look, if it helps, Bud hates himself for what he did.

LYNN

(a beat)

I know how he feels.

A beat as Exley wonders how he should interpret this.

EXLEY

I don't know if it's pathetic or romantic, but when this is all over I'd like to see you again. Just the two of us this time.

Lynn looks away, can't help an ironic smile even as she starts to cry. As Exley gives her his handkerchief...

210

EXT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT

210

Bud arrives to a homicide cordon, crowds of onlookers and press. Hurrying forward, he flashes his badge, enters.

211

INT. HUSH-HUSH MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT

211 *

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a shot of Hudgeons who lies broken on the floor by his desk. The office is in shambles. Bud stops a PASSING DETECTIVE.

BUD

What happened?

PASSING DETECTIVE

Somebody beat him to death, then stole a bunch of files. Must've dug up garbage on the wrong guy.

(CONTINUED)

211

CONTINUED:

211

The detective gestures to the page ones tacked to the wall. Each representing a ruined career.

PASSING DETECTIVE

I got it narrowed down to a thousand suspects.

The detective continues on. As Bud thinks, a ROOKIE-TYPE approaches.

ROOKIE-TYPE

Uh -- Sergeant White?

BUD

What?

ROOKIE-TYPE

Dispatch just got a call for you. Lieutenant Exley wants you to meet him at the Victory Motel.

212

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT

212

Bud's Packard crests the rise looking down on the Victory. Exley's Plymouth is in the courtyard.

213

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - NIGHT

213 *

Exley in the hotseat. Sitting there thinking. At a car door closing, he goes to the door.

214

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 5 - NIGHT

214 *

Exley comes out as Bud approaches, toting a shotgun. The sun is down. The sky is just a dull glow.

BUD

You wanted to meet here?

EXLEY

Me? You called it. I figured Sid Hudgeons was...

BUD

(interrupting)

Hudgeons is dead.

(CONTINUED)

214

CONTINUED:

214

As the reality sinks in, Bud and Exley hear tires on the gravel; cars are coming. Being in a concavity, they don't see them yet. Then the cars start to stop, seemingly all around them.

*
*

Bud and Exley can't see anything, but they hear the clicks of car doors opening. They don't hear them shut. There are footsteps, murmured whispers.

*
*
*

EXLEY

Shit... Come on.

Exley starts for his car, but Bud holds him back. We hear another car pull up somewhere behind.

*
*

BUD

Too late.

A beat. Resigned, Exley nods. They retreat back, disappear into room 6. A beat. There's movement in the shadows to the left. To the right.

*
*

215

INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT

215

Adjoining room 5. Really the same space but for a row of studs which cut the room in half. There's a big side window. Bud covers most of it with a ratty old mattress. Exley drops an end table on the counter, blocking the kitchenette window.

*
*
*
*
*
*

EXLEY

You figured this was a set up?
And you showed up anyway?

Bud pumps the shotgun. He pulls a .45 automatic and a clip from his waistband.

*
*

BUD

A lot of bad stuff happened here.
It's as good a place as any for it
to end. Here.

*

He throws the auto and the clip to Exley, pulls out a .38. Bud's armed for bear. Exley switches off the light. They wait in silence. Then:

*
*

EXLEY

You know, all I ever wanted was to
measure up to my father.

(CONTINUED)

215

CONTINUED:

215

BUD

Now's your chance. He died in
the line of duty, didn't he?

Gallows humor. Exley looks at him, holds back a laugh.
Bud smiles. In another life, they could have been buddies.

A creak outside the rear window of unit 6. Exley wheels,
fires at a shape in the window. We see the figure of a
MAN sprawl back in the dirt.

At that, a barrage of gunfire from all sides. Exley and
Bud hit the deck as bullets whiz, wood splinters and
plaster rains down. Some of the flying debris has broken
one of the lenses on Exley's glasses, creased the side
of his head. But he's okay.

At the first lull, a 2ND MAN shoulders his way hard
through the front door of unit 5. Bud sends him back
the way he came with a blast from the shotgun. In the
darkness beyond, muzzle flashes. Exley and Bud duck
forward, return fire that way. Exley empties the .45;
Bud does the same with the shotgun. As they reload...

The back window breaks behind the mattress, muffled under
the gunfire. Bud and Exley look at each other, slide
back. Standing to either side, they yank down the
mattress and fire simultaneously, tearing TWO MEN apart.
A beat, then...

EXLEY

We got em!

Bud smiles as there's an answering WHOOP.

215A INT. ROOM 5

215A *

Bud steps between the studs into the room. He rips back
the broken floorboards where the hot seat used to be.
With a look and a gesture to Exley, he drops down under
the room.

Exley waits, listens.

216 EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

216 *

Bud, on his back below the joists. Here and there, a
2X4 support rests on a concrete footing. Bud looks
around, checking out the chicken wire vents in the
siding. Two sets of feet slide past a vent. Bud rolls
to get a bead, fires the shotgun as they pass a second
vent, blowing away chicken wire and the wooden siding.
Shrieks as the men go down.

- 216A INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT 216A *
- Placing the sound, Exley rushes to the kitchenette, jerks back the end table, jumps up and leans out. *
- 216B EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - REAR YARD (BEHIND ROOM 6) - NIGHT 216B *
- The 5TH and 6TH MEN on the ground. Three rounds from Exley's .45 and one from the .38 finish them off. *
- 216C INT. VICTORY MOTEL - CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT 216C *
- From the corner of his eye, Bud just sees a pair of feet clear one of the vents. But then they're gone. *
- 217 INT. VICTORY MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT 217 *
- As Exley pulls his head back in, a 7TH MAN fires from the doorway. Shot through the left shoulder, Exley goes down, twisting and firing back with the .38. The 7th man falls. *
- A rattle of fire rips in from the door of room 5. Exley fires back a round, clicks on empties. He scuttles back, struggles to reload the .38... *
- 217A INT. ROOM 5 217A *
- The 8TH and 9TH MEN, exchange a grin, advance. Exley's not going to have time. Then Bud rises up behind them from the hole in the floor. The shotgun thunders twice and down they go. *
- Reloading, Bud scrambles over, sees the blood on Exley's shirt. *
- BUD
- You okay?
- EXLEY
- (nods)
- I'm thinking we might walk away from this.
- Bud reaches down, hauls Exley to his feet. As his eyes follow him up, they widen at something beyond: Dudley stands in the doorway. .38 raised. He's got nothing to shoot at, but Exley's back. Exley dead to rights. As Bud shoves Exley hard to the ground, Dudley fires. *

(CONTINUED):

217A CONTINUED:

217A

The shot passes through Bud's left bicep. Bud drops the shotgun, but goes for Dudley. A second shot rips Bud's chest, but still he comes, driven by rage, his hands reaching for Dudley. Until Dudley fires into his chest again. Bud falls into Dudley who twists away, shoving Bud down to the floor. Bud is still.

Exley's managed to shake the cobwebs from being flattened by Bud. Dudley turns, aims at him. A frozen moment as Exley looks up at his father figure. His expression is strange, and when the words come, they are even stranger.

EXLEY

Rollo Tomasi.

Dudley reacts.

DUDLEY

Who is he?

EXLEY

You are. You're the guy who gets away with it. Jack knew that and so do I.

We hear distant police sirens.

Dudley cocks back the .38's hammer. It's over. But Dudley screams as Bud buries a switchblade into his left calf. Dudley turns and fires a round down into Bud's face.

As Bud collapses, the blade wrenches free...

Exley has gone for Bud's shotgun. Dudley, regaining his composure, turns, but finds himself staring down the barrel of the shotgun. The sirens are getting closer. Dudley sets down the .38.

DUDLEY

Are you going to shoot me or arrest me?

Exley doesn't answer, but his eyes betray him.

DUDLEY

Good, my politician. Let me do the talking. By the time I'm done, they'll make you Chief of Detectives.

Dudley turns and hobbles out the door.

218

EXT. VICTORY MOTEL - NIGHT

218

Dudley moves into the motorcourt. He looks to the glow of approaching headlights about to crest the hill. Exley steps out of room 5, shotgun still in hand.

DUDLEY

Hold up your badge so they know
we're policemen.

Dudley raises his badge high over his head. Suddenly, Exley's shotgun belches flame. Dudley goes down, shot in the back. Exley's answer is finally yes.

The police cars come over the hill, their headlights illuminating Dudley's body with Exley standing over him. Exley drops the gun.

As he holds his own badge above his head...

DISSOLVE TO:

L.A. MONTAGE - "Rags to Riches" plays.

219

EXT. ROSE BOWL PARADE - DAY

219

Riding in a convertible, waving to the crowds is the Grand Marshal - the new Vice President, a young Richard Nixon.

220

INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

220

A midnight assembly. The Chief, D.A. Loew and several high ranking brass. Their attention riveted through the one-way glass into...

221

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

221

Bloody arm bandaged, exhausted, Exley sits across from two INTERNAL AFFAIRS DETECTIVES.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS ONE

You think you can talk your way
out of this, Lieutenant?

EXLEY

No. But I think I can tell you
the truth.

As Exley begins...

222

TELEVISION SCREEN

222

Over the main title logo, we're informed that tonight's episode of "Badge of Honor" is Dedicated to the memory of technical advisor Sgt. Jack Vincennes.

- 223 EXT. CAHUENGA PASS - THE VENTURA FREEWAY - DAY 223 *
A ribbon is cut. Eager motorists roll down the blacktop. *
- 224 EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY 224
Ronald Reagan applauds as Jane Wyman plunges her hands into fresh sidewalk cement.
- 225 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT 225
The brass, including the Chief and Ellis Loew, exchange concerned looks and raised eyebrows as they watch Exley through the glass, his voice heard over the speakers.
- LOEW
(to the Chief)
Your golden boy's throwing his whole life away.
- 226 EXT. LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY 226
The entrepreneurs from San Francisco and Cleveland, last seen at the Victory Motel, return to L.A., stepping down from a gleaming United Airlines DC-3.
- 227 EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY 227
Hush-Hush is delivered. The headline: Actor Reynolds in his Final Role: Conductor of the Night Train to Slice City.
- 228 INT. CITY HALL DET. BUREAU - INTERR. ROOM #1 - NIGHT 228
Exley stares across at the Internal Affairs Detectives. Purged, he's finally stopped playing angles.
- EXLEY
That's it. That's the whole story.

229

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

229

Loew, the Chief and the Brass confer.

LOEW

The press will have a field day
with this.

*

BRASS #1

It'll stain the department for
years.

THE CHIEF

Decades.

LOEW

If we could convince the kid to play
ball, who's to say how Dudley Smith
died?

*

The Chief looks back through the glass. Following the
Internal Affairs Detectives out, Exley pauses, looks to
the gray tinted wall mirror.

229A

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

229A

Exley smiles in spite of himself. He can't see him, but
he looks right at the Chief. Suddenly, the speaker over-
head crackles to life.

THE CHIEF (V.O.)

You want to tell me what you're
smiling about?

EXLEY

A hero.

229B

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

229B

The men look at each other. How did he know?

THE CHIEF

And?

Exley stares back at faces he can't see. He sees an angle,
can't stop himself:

EXLEY

(over speaker)

In this situation, you're going
to need more than one.

The Chief considers this a beat, then...

(CONTINUED)

229B CONTINUED:

229B

THE CHIEF

Why don't you join us back here,
Edmund?

CUT TO:

230 LOS ANGELES EXAMINER HEADLINE:

230

R.I.P. DUDLEY SMITH.

FABLED L.A. COP DIES DEFENDING CITY FROM ORGANIZED CRIME!

230A INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

230A

Mickey Cohen reads the story, chuckles to himself.
Setting the paper down, the goes to the sink and washes
his hands.

231 INT. CITY HALL ROTUNDA - DAY

231

Exley in his dress blues, his left arm in a white sling.
Flashbulbs pop as the Chief pins a medal on his chest.
The Chief steps to a microphone.

THE CHIEF

Next year the L.A.P.D. will move
into its new facility. With
leaders like two-time Medal of
Valor recipient Detective Lieutenant
Edmund Exley, the image of fat
cops stealing apples will be left
behind forever and Los Angeles
will finally have the police force
it deserves.

Applause. More flashbulbs. Lynn watches from the back as
Exley runs a handshake gauntlet. Finally, he spots her.
She's returned to her natural brunette. Looks even
better. Exley steps over.

EXLEY

(ironic smile)

I tried to throw it all away and
they give it back in spades.

Lynn looks at him a moment, then smiles. She knows
better.

LYNN

You couldn't resist playing one
last angle, could you?

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

Exley can't help but smile. She's got his number.

EXLEY

They're using me and for a little
while I'm using them.

*
*
*

232 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

232

Exley walks Lynn down the steps.

EXLEY

Where will you go?

(CONTINUED)

232

CONTINUED: (AAl)

232

LYNN

Bisbee, Arizona. The air's good
for pensioners and I know where
everything is.

EXLEY

When?

LYNN

Right now.

EXLEY

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

232

CONTINUED: (A1)

232

Lynn gestures towards her parked car. Exley walks her over. She opens the back door. Bud's in the back. Braces on his legs, head sutured. Jaw wired shut and tubes running in and out. But his hands still look strong. Bud forces a smile through the wires, tries to say something, but can't.

EXLEY

You just did what you did. No rank, no glory.

*

Exley takes his hands. Bud squeezes till both men wince.

EXLEY

Thanks for the push.

*

*

Bud turns away so Exley won't see the tears.

*

LYNN

We should go now.

As Exley steps back, Lynn closes the door. A departing well-wisher calls out a congratulation to Exley. Exley looks to Lynn.

EXLEY

Do you think I ever could've been in the running?

LYNN

Some men get the world. Others get ex-hookers and a trip to Arizona.

A beat. Exley wishes he'd gotten the trip to Arizona. She kisses him on the cheek, gets in the car. Starts it.

Exley looks back at Bud. Bud presses his hands to the glass. Exley touches his side, palms half the man's size. Hands against hands.

The car moves. A turn into traffic, a goodbye toot on the horn. Exley's all alone. As he watches them go...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

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